

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,011

APRIL 13, 1889

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

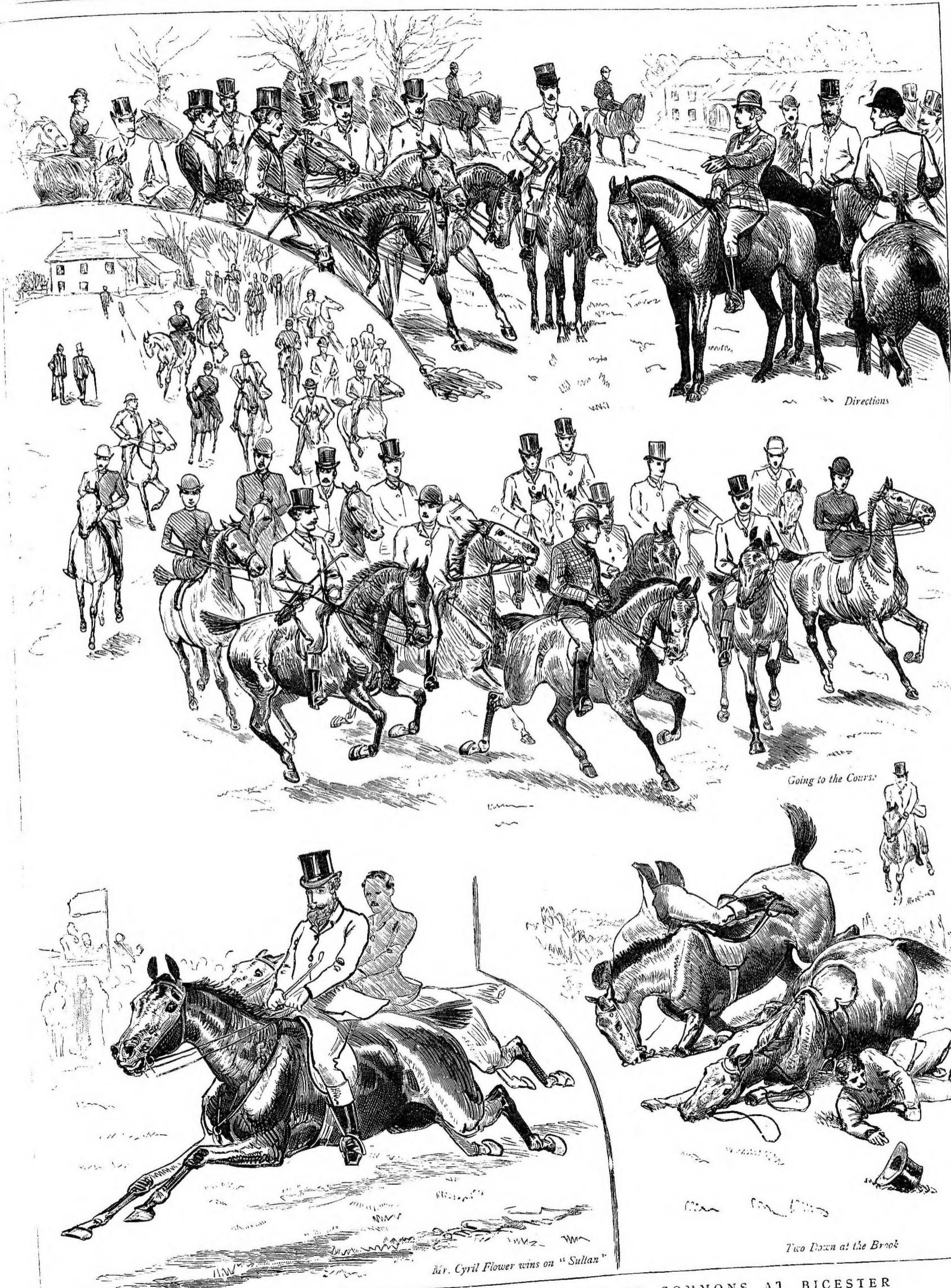
10/- VOL. XXXIX.

ÉDITION DE LUXE

SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1889

TWO EXTRA
SUPPLEMENTS

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



Mr. Cyril Flower wins on "Sultan"

Two Down at the Brook

STEEPLECHASE BY MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AT BICESTER

Topics of the Week

SCOTTISH LOCAL GOVERNMENT.—The scheme of local government for Scotland, submitted to the House of Commons on Monday by the Lord Advocate, is at several points open to criticism. There seems to be no good reason, for instance, why the power of licensing should not be granted to the new County Councils, for in Scotland public opinion is more decidedly favourable to local option than it is in England. Again, the question as to the control of the police is sure to be a troublesome one; and we may doubt whether the Government has acted wisely in giving occasion to a fresh dispute between those who support "denominationalism" in education and those who support the School Board system. There will be fiery discussion, too, about the service franchise, and about the principle on which it is proposed that parochial boards shall be elected. Apart, however, from these and other difficult matters, the Bill as a whole fully deserves all the complimentary things that were said about it after the Lord Advocate's luminous and vigorous exposition. It has the great merit of dealing not merely with this or that aspect of local government, but with the entire question; and there are many indications that it has been carefully thought out by authorities who have devoted to the subject prolonged and earnest study. The Lord Advocate seemed to imply that he would be perfectly ready to consider all suggestions, from whatever part of the House they might come; and if he carries out this intention, there can be little doubt that the most important of all the problems relating to Scotland will be thoroughly and satisfactorily solved during the present Session. The proposal that Scotch private Bills shall in the first instance be handed over to a permanent Commission is one of great interest, and may, if accepted, prove to be a step towards a moderate and reasonable system of Home Rule for each of the three Kingdoms.

CONTROL OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.—At the meeting of the London County Council on Wednesday last it was proposed that the control of the Metropolitan Police Force should be transferred from the Home Secretary to the County Council, and although, as the debate was adjourned, no division was taken, it is highly probable that a majority of the members are in favour of such a change. The arguments in support of the transfer may be briefly stated as follows. In every city and borough throughout England and Wales (with the exception of the metropolis beyond the City boundaries) the police are under the control of the municipal authorities, and, although some of these towns are nearly as big as London was a century ago, no such mismanagement has ever occurred as even to suggest the possibility of Parliament withdrawing the powers conferred on the local bodies. Of course, the City of London is an exceptional locality, but at all events its police force has always been regarded as a model of courtesy and efficiency, and has often suggested disadvantageous comparisons with the metropolitan constables beyond the civic frontier. Those, on the other hand, who are in favour of retaining the present arrangements, point to Paris, where even a Republican Government does not dare to entrust the Municipality with the control of the police; and indicate the political risks which would be incurred if our metropolitan police were under the authority of a body chosen by a popular suffrage representing some 4,000,000 Londoners. Against these arguments it may reasonably be retorted that if for the last century the citizens of Paris had had the control of their police, the sanguinary insurrections which have periodically occurred since them might never have taken place; and that the Home Secretary is really as much the embodiment of popular suffrage as the County Council itself. Besides, we incline to believe that a police force acting directly under municipal control would possess more moral weight, and would consequently be able to act with greater boldness than the present organisation. Such a police force, for example, would not be frightened by the shadow of Miss Cass, but would put down with a firm hand the scandalous scenes which now occur nightly in Piccadilly. To render such interference effectual, however, the County Council must possess power to regulate the opening and closing of public-houses and other places of entertainment, and no doubt if it perseveres in its efforts, such authority will eventually be conceded.

THE "SULTAN" COURT-MARTIAL.—The lay mind is generally more or less at sea when brought into contact with court-martial law. Nor will this sense of wonderment be diminished by the result of Captain Rice's trial. That unfortunate officer is acquitted of "negligence," but found guilty of "default;" in other words, he was not to blame for the stranding of the *Sultan*, but he nevertheless committed an error of judgment. In what respect? By taking the great ship too close to the five-fathom line without "adequate necessity." But a number of experienced captains gave evidence that Captain Rice, in keeping so close to that line, took the best possible course for the safety of his ship, and all declared that they would have done the same if they had

been in his position. It follows, therefore, that the British Navy contains many distinguished officers who, if placed in certain circumstances, would be guilty of that heinous offence, "default." As for there being no "adequate necessity," it is a standing regulation of the Admiralty that torpedo practice shall always be carried on in shallow water. Had Captain Rice disobeyed this injunction, he would probably have been made to pay for any torpedo lost in deep water. The real truth of the matter is that the Admiralty chart of the Comino Channel is inaccurate: that was the sole cause of the loss of the *Sultan*. But since a great department of State cannot be punished—there being no known means of fixing responsibility on any one in particular—a scapegoat had to be found, and Captain Rice was therefore arraigned for negligence and default. Nominally, the sentence is merely a reprimand; but there is a stern law at Whitehall—that any captain who loses a ship never gets another command. And that, no doubt, will be Captain Rice's fate.

A WORKMAN'S VIEW OF HOME RULE.—A curious letter from an artisan to Mr. Chamberlain, published the other day, deserves some attention as an indication of the manner in which the Home Rule Question is regarded by many working men. The writer—Mr. E. Evans—had at one time a strong admiration for Mr. Chamberlain, but he is under the impression that his hero has now "deserted the poor to joyn the rich." Mr. Evans has been at Athlone, and has seen the miserable way in which some Irish people live; and he is sure that, if Mr. Chamberlain went there, he would give them something "out of his own poket." The inference is that he ought without delay to join his "old friend Mr. Gladstone," in which case he might some day become Prime Minister. It seems odd that any one should so utterly misunderstand Mr. Chamberlain's motives. No living statesman has shown more anxiety to improve the condition of the poor, and it is certain that in this respect, his feelings have not undergone the slightest change. Indeed as he explained in his reply to Mr. Evans, one reason why he objects to Home Rule in the Nationalist sense is that it would act unfavourably on the poor of Ireland, by driving from the country "the majority of those who are now the most enterprising and prosperous of its inhabitants." Mr. Chamberlain and Unionists generally, however, ought to profit by the glimpse this well-meaning artisan has given them of the feeling of a considerable proportion of the Democracy. It is evident that by a good many voters the question of Home Rule is understood to be a question of the poor against the rich. If Home Rule were granted, they think Irish poverty would vanish. This partly explains the enthusiasm with which they support Mr. Gladstone, and one of the chief objects of the Unionists should be to show that a desire for the material welfare of Ireland cannot be justly claimed as a monopoly of any single political party.

SOME RECENT LIBEL CASES.—The freedom of the press, of which Englishmen used to boast so freely, is hedged round with some formidable pains and penalties. You may fearlessly indulge in political vituperation, but you must not impugn a man's private character. Yet a statesman probably sets more store on his political reputation than on his private character. If his own personal feelings were consulted, Mr. Chamberlain would probably be far sooner accused of drunkenness or dishonesty than be called "Judas," as he was the other day in a newspaper contents-bill. Now that duelling is abolished, public men have absolutely no redress for the calumnies which are showered upon them. And it is absurd to say that they suffer no harm. Many persons are ignorant, foolish, and malicious, so that assuredly some of the mud does stick. When, however, a man's private character is assailed, the law evinces the most tender solicitude. Mr. Ledger must have thought of the classical lines "Only for telling a man he was wrong, Two lovely black eyes!" when he had to pay 300*l.*, because in his capacity of dramatic critic he witnessed a dance which he held to be improper, and plainly said so in his paper. As a man of experience in such matters he was not likely to be unduly squeamish, and his opinion was backed up by competent witnesses; nevertheless the jury condemned him. Juries do generally go "agin" newspapers and railway companies. The Irwin case stands on a different footing. Here the plaintiffs had a genuine grievance, for the alleged libels were entirely without foundation. But the jury might fairly have mitigated the heavy damages which they allotted, on the ground that if the plaintiffs had not respectively figured as respondent and co-respondent in the Divorce Court, the stories on which the libels were founded would never have originated. Lastly there is the Macdougall case, where the defendants escaped the penalties of a libel action for publishing a *verbatim* report of a judgment of Mr. Justice North's, only on the technical ground, as expressly stated by Lord Bramwell, that the plaintiffs' pleadings were defective. The upshot of all these proceedings is that every unfortunate newspaper-editor sits with a Damocles sword, bearing the legend "Libel," suspended over his devoted head.

RUSSIA AND PERSIA.—Once more the Czar is hinting to his very good friend the Shah that Russia conceives it best for Persia to take that ancient and decayed kingdom under her guidance. There does not appear to be any cause of

quarrel, or even a pretence of that kind; it is merely the familiar case of a big boy bullying a little one to pay blackmail. The Russian Government is made uneasy by the Teheran. That astute diplomatist is believed to dazzle Shah with glowing pictures of British gold flowing in the Pactolus streams over the whole face of Iran, to the great enrichment of its people and sovereign—especially the latter. Whether our Ambassador has done anything of the sort may be doubted; the Shah showed himself a sharp man of business during his European tour, and we question whether he would care to invest belief in such a "pig in a poke." But that does not matter at all; the Anglo-phobists of St. Petersburg feel certain that England is playing tricks at Teheran, and to humour them, the Emperor formulates a string of fresh demands. It is only a new chapter of the old, old story; Russia striving to obtain an outlet from her Asiatic territory to the Indian Ocean, and England seeking to keep her rival shut in. Yet we are greatly angered when, in revenge for this unfriendly office, Russia stirs up trouble on the Afghan frontier. Supposing that we changed our policy, and instead of trying to hinder Russian trade from coming south, we gave it a helping hand—what should we lose? Just nothing at all; our commerce can hold its own on the ocean against all the world. But Russia would not be content with that; the Cossack would follow the trader, and the commercial outlet might become a Sebastopol. Perhaps so, but so long as England retained her maritime supremacy, that could not endanger India, while this employment of Russian energy on the Persian littoral would draw it off from the far more dangerous Oxus Valley.

GENERAL BOULANGER'S POPULARITY.—Never, probably, was there a political Pretender more lucky than General Boulanger. He is not known to have any of the qualities which go to the making of a great statesman; and he has committed innumerable blunders, any one of which would have destroyed the chances of an ordinary politician. Yet there is no perceptible diminution of his popularity, and today he is more talked about than at any previous period of his career. For this he has in part to thank the imprudence of his opponents. If he had been left alone, the probability is that during the next six months he would have found it difficult to keep himself prominently before the public. The Great Exhibition will soon be opened, and some time ago the people generally were in a mood to devote themselves rather to business and pleasure than to politics. No sooner was the prosecution of General Boulanger proposed than he became the observed of all observers; even the thought of the Exhibition was not attractive enough to check the renewal of interest in his career. He fled to Belgium, and once more the dominant party seemed to have an opportunity of weakening his influence by simply ignoring him. But, instead of ignoring him, the Government caused the President to issue a decree convening the Senate on Friday as a High Court of Justice to investigate the accusations against him, and a Bill regulating the procedure of the Senate was passed by the Chamber. By all this fuss and excitement the irrepressible General has largely profited, and it seems not unlikely that he will benefit in like manner by his trial, whether he be acquitted or condemned. The Republicans persistently close their eyes to a fact which is plain to the rest of the world—the fact, namely, that General Boulanger is powerful merely because the existing system of government has not succeeded in winning public confidence. If they would set to work to make the Republic pure and efficient, the agitation which causes them so much anxiety would give them little further trouble.

THE DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE AND M. CHEVREUL.—Two persons have died within the last few days, who, however dissimilar in other respects, were alike in one point:—namely, that their lives far exceeded the usual span of human existence. One other coincidence, also, may be noted. Quite recently the Duchess celebrated her son's seventieth birthday; while M. Chevreul had to sustain the loss of his son, at the age of sixty-nine. Of the Duchess of Cambridge we have spoken elsewhere; it is sufficient, therefore, to say here that she possessed that placidity of temperament which usually characterises long-lived people. M. Chevreul, although a scientist of some distinction, is chiefly interesting to the present generation on account of his longevity; and the proofs in favour of this longevity would have satisfied even the late Mr. Thoms. He was within a few months of attaining a hundred and three years of life: he was born under the reign of Louis XVI., in 1786, when, despite the Diamond Necklace scandal, there was little forewarning of the frightful abyss into which France was about to plunge; and he was eight years old when another man of science, Lavoisier, suffered death by the guillotine, not because he was a famous chemist, but because he was one of the detested farmers-general. M. Chevreul's prolonged age may stimulate teetotal theories, for he abstained from wine—a more difficultfeat in France than in this country. He was, on the other hand, a hearty drinker of coffee, which some stigmatise as poison.

STANLEY'S GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERIES.—Deeply interesting as it is from the standpoint of heroic human endeavour, Mr. Stanley's letter to the Royal Geographical Society does not add much to our knowledge of the African

Lake country. The picture he draws of the gruesome region between Yambuya and the Albert Nyanza is precisely what any person of average intelligence would have anticipated. The interminable forest, the superabundance of moisture, the wondrous growth of vegetation, and the prodigality of insect life are customary characteristics in Equatorial Africa. Perhaps the most important piece of information is that the Aruwimi or Ituri is navigable with occasional breaks for several hundreds of miles. In times to come, when the Congo State is something more than a name, this great affluent will, no doubt, play an important part in carrying Western civilisation and cottons to the dwarf tribes of the interior. It is not of very much present importance that the Albert Nyanza should be sinking to a lower level; even if the lake dried up altogether, there would be little fear of the country becoming a desert. The rainfall is sufficiently copious to supply agricultural requirements even of the most exacting kind. But one needs to have the eye of faith in a supreme degree to conceive the Aruwimi valley inhabited by an industrious and prosperous peasantry, intent on growing corn and bananas for the outside world. Instead of approaching that ideal, the country seems to be receding from it, thanks to the devastations committed by the Arab man-hunting gangs. Until they are banished from the face of the earth they desecrate, Mr. Stanley's discoveries can be of little profit except from a scientific point of view. It is something to learn, no doubt, that the Albert Nyanza has less length than Sir Samuel Baker imagined, and that a snow-capped mountain keeps watch over it. But pleasanter still would it have been to hear of some tribe not given to practising lying as one of the fine arts.

VAGRANT CHILDREN. — Every one who cares for children must be glad to know that a resolute effort is being made to deal with the problem of child vagrancy. Vast numbers of poor little boys and girls who ought to be at home or at school are constantly sent into the streets to beg, or to sing, or to pretend to sell something or other. The money they obtain in this way is not, of course, spent for their own benefit, but goes into the pockets of their parents, or of persons who ought to act as their guardians. Years of their life that might be of incalculable value are thus wasted, and it is inevitable that many such children should afterwards turn out to be anything but good citizens. It would be hopeless to try to put down the evil by discouraging the young victims themselves. What is necessary is that the brutal parents and others who profit by their mendicancy should be laid hold of; and this is what the excellent Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, acting in association with the new Commissioner of Police, is now attempting to do in London. The efforts of the Society will be greatly facilitated if a Bill embodying its leading principles, which has been read a second time in the House of Commons, should become law. In this measure it is proposed that offending parents and guardians shall be sternly punished; and care is taken that if a vagrant child be entrusted to a third person, instead of being sent to an Industrial School, its parent shall be compelled to contribute to its support. The Bill has the approval of many members of all parties, and those who have introduced it should have no difficulty in getting it passed. Whether it would be perfectly successful or not, it would at least do something to dry up one of the most fruitful sources of crime and poverty.

STRAND IMPROVEMENTS. — The question of widening the Strand in the vicinity of the Church of St. Mary-le-Strand, for which petitions have been for some time past in course of signature, is now being examined by a Committee of the County Council, and therefore a decision may be expected at no distant period. There can be no doubt some improvement is needed in the interests of the constantly increasing vehicular traffic which passes along our historic thoroughfare, but we do hope, even if a greater expense is incurred, that it will be found possible to effect the requisite widening without removing either of the churches of St. Mary or St. Clement, by the simple process of demolishing the houses on the north side of the former edifice. In a letter which appears in Wednesday's *Times*, Mr. T. G. Jackson offers some forcible arguments in favour of the adoption of this course. There can be no doubt that the three churches—that is, the two above named and that of St. Martin—give the Strand a distinctive character of its own; and we are especially unwilling that the Strand should suffer architectural injury, because it is, of all the arteries of London, the one which is the most frequented. People may live all their lives in this mighty hive of men without visiting some of its quarters, but every one who is not bedridden finds himself or herself at some time or other in the Strand; and it is the especial resort of our cousins from the provinces, from the United States, and from the colonies. It is therefore the typical thoroughfare of Anglo-Saxondom, and should be very tenderly handled by street-improvers.

INVESTMENT TRUSTS. — Even the most unobservant reader of newspapers must have lately remarked the frequency with which the word "Trust" appears in the headings of company advertisements. To some, no doubt, the monosyllable has appeared in the light of a Stock

Exchange enigma. Yet the meaning, in these cases, is very simple. The companies are so called because they are constituted for the purpose of investing whatever moneys they may receive in certain classes of securities, under specified conditions. The directors consequently hold the position of trustees on behalf of the shareholders; hence the name. In principle, the system is excellent; it enables people of limited means to spread their investments over a number of securities, thereby minimising the risk of total loss, and securing a substantial rate of interest. Before the era of trusts, this could only be done by the wealthy; the man with a few hundreds to spare could not spread them over twenty or thirty securities, without an infinity of trouble and no slight expense. But a trust, with some hundreds of thousands at its disposal, can do so, and it thus enables the small investor to share the benefits of "spreading," so far as his means allow. Latterly, however, this system, admirable in itself, has undergone some modifications which are the reverse of admirable. By dividing the shares of trust companies into preferred and deferred, not only is a gambling element introduced, but the promoters are placed in a position to get an undue share of the profits. The preferred shares nominally give absolute security, and, in return for that boon, their holders have to be content with a low rate of interest. But in some cases the security is by no means absolute; while, as all the profits beyond the fixed rate of interest on the preferred shares go to the deferred, the promoters, by applying for the latter beforehand, can make sure of skimming the cream from the milk, should the concern prosper.

NOTICE.

The Postage abroad for the THIN PAPER EDITION issued without the Green Cover, if despatched within eight days of date to any of the following countries, is 1d. per Copy—Africa, Australia, Brazil, Canada, Cape, Chili, Egypt, any part of Europe, Peru, Mexico, New Zealand, any part of the United States, West Indies; and 1d. per Copy to Ceylon, China, India, and Japan.

For the Ordinary Edition, with Green Cover, double the above rates are necessary.

There must be no "enclosure," or writing inside, or on the Cover, beyond the name and address to which it is sent, and the stamp must not affix the addressed Cover to the Paper.

SUBSCRIBERS to this journal will please to note the following terms on which THE GRAPHIC will be posted to any part of the world, including postage and extra Summer and Christmas Numbers.

	Edition—Thin	Thick	De Luxe
UNITED KINGDOM,	—	4s. od.	4s. od.
All parts of EUROPE, AFRICA, ARGENTINE REPUBLIC, BRAZIL, CANADA, CAPE, CHILI, EGYPT, JAMAICA, MAURITIUS, MEXICO, PERU, UNITED STATES	33s. od.	37s. 6d.	57s. 6d.
AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND	34s. 6d.	39s. od.	60s. od.
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FOR ADVERTISEMENT of the SAVOY GALLERY see page 392.

EASTER HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY. — The availability of Ordinary Return Tickets to and from the Seaside, &c., will be extended as usual over the Easter Holidays, and this will also include the Special Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets. On Thursday, 14 day excursion to Paris by the picturesquie route via Dieppe and Rouen will be run from London by a Special Day Service and also by the Fixed Night Service.

On Good Friday and Easter Sunday Day Trips, at greatly reduced Excursion Fares, will be run from London to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Lewes, Tunbridge Wells, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings. Special Saturday to Tuesday Tickets will also be issued from London to Brighton, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight.

Extra Trains will be run to and from London, as required by the Traffic, to the Crystal Palace Grand Sacred Concert on Good Friday, and the Special Holiday Entertainments on Easter Monday and following days.

On Easter Monday Special Cheap Excursions will be run from London to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Eastbourne, St. Leonards, and Hastings.

For the Volunteer Review at Eastbourne on Easter Monday Special Trains will be run from London, Brighton, Hastings, Tunbridge Wells, &c.

On Easter Tuesday Cheap Day Trips will be run from London to Brighton and Worthing.

The Brighton Company announce that their West End Offices—28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square—will remain open until 10.0 p.m. on the evening of Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday for the sale of the Special Cheap Tickets and Ordinary Tickets to all parts of the Line, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria.

(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

LYCEUM. — Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—
MACBETH—TO NIGHT, at 7.45—Overture, 7.40—Macbeth, Mr. Henry Irving; Lady Macbeth, Miss Ellen Terry. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open to 5. Seats can be booked by letter or telegram. Carriages 11.

Notice—This THEATRE will be CLOSED during the first five nights of Next Month, April 15, 16, 17, 18, and 19, REOPENING on SATURDAY, 20th April.—
MACBETH—LYCEUM.

GLOBE. — KING RICHARD III.—Every Evening at 7.45, Shakespeare's Tragedy KING RICHARD III. Duke of Gloucester, Mr. RICHARD MANSFIELD. Box Office open daily from 10 to 5.—Mr. E. D. Price, Manager.

BRITANNIA THEATRE. — Sole Proprietress—Mrs. S. LANE. EVERY EVENING, at Seven, CAPTAIN SWIFT. Misses Adeline Montagu and Oliph Webb; Messrs. Algernon Syms, J. B. Howe, W. Steadman, W. Gardner, &c. VARIETIES. Concluding with THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

BRIGHTON THEATRE. — Sole Proprietress, Mrs. NYE CHART. MONDAY, APRIL 8th, KLEPTOMANIA.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

ON GOOD FRIDAY, APRIL 19,
in the
AFTERNOON AT THREE,
and in the
EVENING AT EIGHT.
TWO GRAND CONCERTS
OF SACRED MUSIC
will be given by the
MAGNIFICENT CHOIR
of the
MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
AND AN INCREASED ORCHESTRA.
Principal Soprano,
Miss CONSTANCE LOSEBY.

The Programme will include Selections from
The most esteemed sacred works of Mendelssohn, Rossini, Gounod, Bizet,
and Meyerbeer.
Fanteuil 5s.; Sofa-stalls, 3s.; area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

Doors open for the Afternoon Sacred Concert at 2.30. In the evening at 7.30.
Tickets and places can now be secured at Basil Tree's Office, St. James's Hall.
No fees for booking.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.
26th ANNUAL

JUNE HORSE SHOW, 1889.
JUNE 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14.

Prize Lists on application to R. VENNER, Secretary.

THE VALE OF TEARS. — Doré's LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM, and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

EASTER ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, and SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—ALL ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS will be extended as usual.

The Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets issued to or from London and the Seaside, on Saturday, April 20th, will be available for return on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, April 21st, 22nd, and 23rd.

EXTRA TRAINS FOR ISLE OF WIGHT. — The 4.35 p.m. from Victoria and London Bridge will convey Passengers for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Newport, and Cowes, on April 19th and 20th (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

PARIS at EASTER.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSION, THURSDAY, APRIL 18th. — Leaving London Bridge 9.0 a.m. and 8.0 p.m., and Victoria 9.0 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.

Returning from Paris 8.50 p.m. on any day up to and including Wednesday, May 1st. Fares First Class, 39s. 3d.; Second Class, 30s. 3d.

BRIGHTON.—GOOD FRIDAY and EASTER SUNDAY.—A CHEAP FIRST CLASS TRAIN from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS SATURDAY, April 20th, from Victoria 1.30 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington 1.30 p.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; from London Bridge 2.15 p.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon, to Brighton (Central Station) and West Brighton.

Returning only on the following Tuesday, and then only by the 6.45 p.m. Train from West Brighton, or 7.10 p.m. Train Brighton (Central Station). Fare 5s.

PORTSMOUTH and the ISLE OF WIGHT.—SATURDAY to TUESDAY.—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS, SATURDAY, April 20th, from Victoria 1.0 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington 1.25 p.m., from London Bridge 2.30 p.m. Returning by certain trains only the following Tuesday evening.

SPECIAL CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS.—GOOD FRIDAY, EASTER SUNDAY AND MONDAY. — From London Bridge and Victoria to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Lewes, Eastbourne, and Hastings.

GOOD FRIDAY and EASTER SUNDAY to Tunbridge Wells.

EASTER TUESDAY to Brighton and Worthing.

CRYSTAL PALACE—GOOD FRIDAY—GRAND SACRED CONCERT.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS DAILY to the Crystal Palace, from London Bridge, New Cross; also from Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, and Clapham Junction.

BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES. — For the convenience of Passengers who may desire to take their Tickets in advance, the following Branch Booking Offices, in addition to those at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations, are now open for the issue of Tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, to the Isle of Wight, Paris, and the Continent, &c.:—

The Company's General West End Booking Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, W., and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings (under the Grand Hotel), Trafalgar Square.

Hay's Circular, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, E.C.

Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus and Euston Road.

Jakins' Office, Red Cap, Camden Road, and 96, Leadenhall Street.

Tickets issued at these Offices will be dated to suit the convenience of Passengers.

* These two Offices will remain open until 10 p.m. on April 17th, 18th and 19th.

For full particulars of times, fares, &c., see Handbills and Programme, to be had at all Stations, and at any of the above Branch Booking Offices.

(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

NOTICE. — With this Number are issued TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS: one a portrait of SIR R. E. WEBSTER, Q.C., M.P., the Attorney-General; the other a continuation of Mr. H. H. Johnston's "HISTORY OF A SLAVE."



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS STEEPLECHASE

THE steeplechase run in the Bicester "country," last Saturday, between Members of the House of Commons, was favoured with beautiful weather. The affair came off at 2 P.M., Lord Chesham acting as starter, and Lord Valentia as judge. The proceedings were witnessed by a large number of ladies and gentlemen. The field consisted of a dozen riders whose names here follow:—Mr. Walter Long, Mr. Elliot Lees, Mr. F. B. Mildmay, Mr. Cyril Flower, Colonel Heath, Mr. Bromley Davenport, Viscount Newark, Lord Henry Bentinck, Mr. A. W. Jarvis, Mr. Bazley White, Mr. P. A. Muntz, and the Hon. W. J. Fitzwilliam. The running was from point to point over a distance of three miles, and through a stiff bit of country. The competitors were taken over the course by Lord Chesham. A very good start was made, and the members went off at a canter. By-and-by the pace quickened, and every rider did his best. Mr. Walter Long and Mr. Muntz drew to the front, and were getting away from the others when, unfortunately for the latter's chances, his horse stumbled and brought him to the ground. For the last half mile it was a tremendous gallop down hill. There was a 14 ft. hedged ditch just before the winning-post. Neck and neck almost were Mr. Mildmay and Mr. Elliot Lees when they rose at this ditch. Both horses landed on the near side clear of the ditch; their feet did not hold, however, and down they came on the soft ground. The riders were quickly on their feet, and, jumping hurriedly into the saddle, Mr. Elliot Lees rushed at the winning-post. Mr. Cyril Flower had meantime come up, and he was just able to pass the flag a full half length before Mr. Elliot Lees. Mr. Fitzwilliam was a good third, and Mr. Mildmay and Mr. Walter Long came in immediately after. The rest of the riders came trotting up during the next ten minutes.

THE LATE DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE, AND THE PROPOSED MEMORIAL CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY

See page 360

THE HISTORY OF A SLAVE, III.

See pp. 393 et seqq.

"THE TENTS OF SHEM"

A NEW STORY by Grant Allen, illustrated by E. F. Brewtnall, R.W.S., and E. Barclay, is continued on page 397.

THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND AND OF SPAIN AT SAN SEBASTIAN

We have already illustrated and described some of the chief incidents of Her Majesty's visit to the Queen Regent of Spain at San Sebastian, and need only confine ourselves here to describing our illustrations. Queen Victoria arrived at San Sebastian shortly after one o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday, March 27th, being accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duke of Rutland (Minister in Attendance), Sir Clare Ford (British Ambassador at Madrid), Lady Churchill, the Hon. Harriet Phipps, Sir R. Ponsonby, and Sir F. Edwards. As the Royal train entered the station the band played "God Save the Queen." Queen Christina was waiting to receive her guests on the platform, and when Queen Victoria came out of the carriage the two Royal ladies embraced each other affectionately. Princess Beatrice then kissed Queen Christina's hand, and, after the respective suites and Ministers had been mutually presented, the two Queens entered the State carriage and drove in procession to the Château de Ayete, where luncheon was served. Queens Victoria and Christina, with the Prince and Princess of Battenberg, sat at a small table, the Ministers and members of the two suites taking their meal at two lower tables. Lunch lasted about an hour, and then, after a short walk in the gardens, the Royal party drove to the Town Hall to witness a display of the Basque national sports.

THE LATE DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE

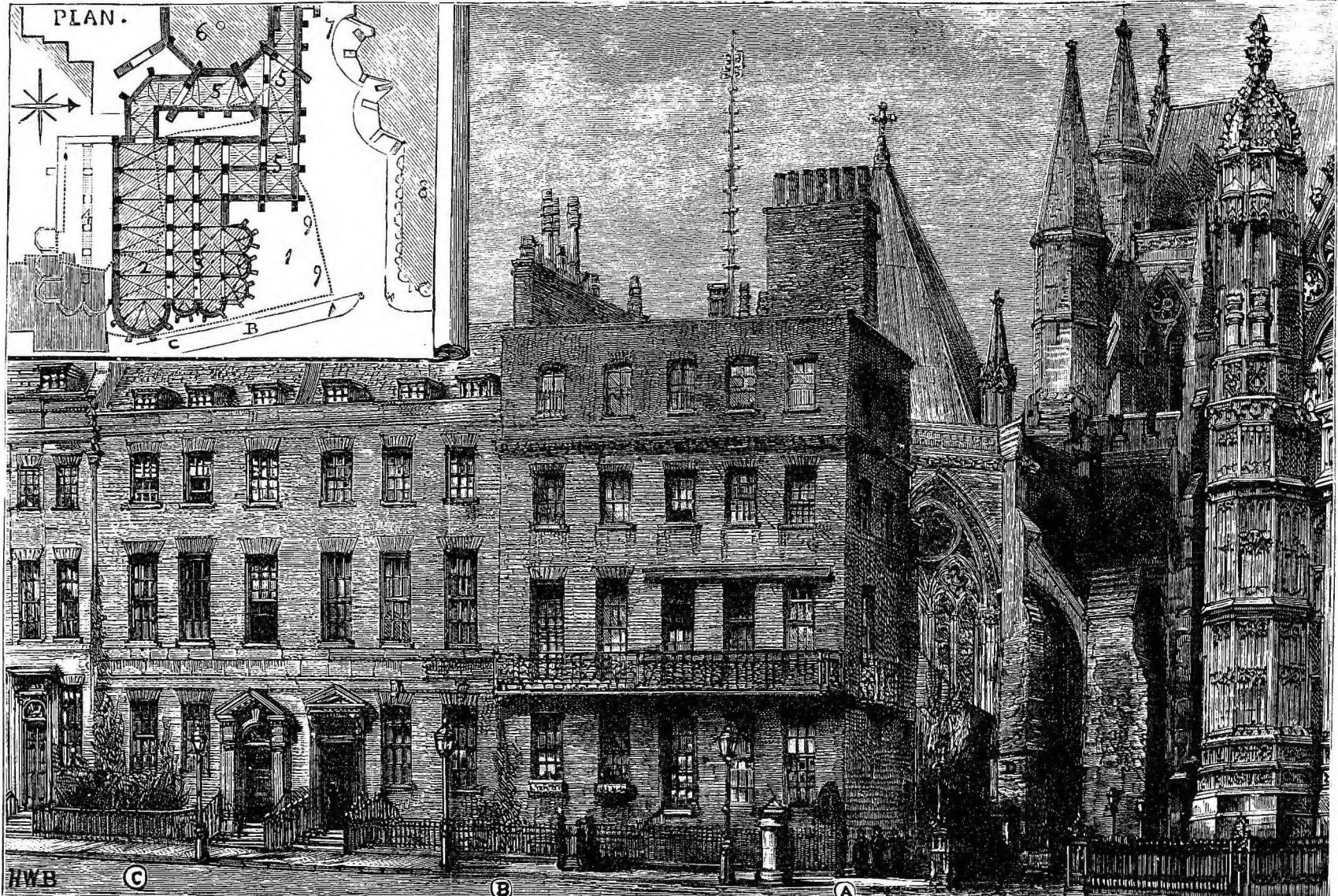
THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA WILHELMINA LOUISA was the third daughter of the Landgrave (afterwards Elector), Frederick of Hesse-Cassel, and was born on July 25th, 1797. Her early life was passed in her father's Court, at a period when the whole of Europe was agitated and convulsed by the conquests of Napoleon. When the lamented death of George the Fourth's daughter, the Princess Charlotte, took place in 1817, the Throne of England seemed likely to be without an heir; and accordingly, in the following year, three of the Royal Dukes—viz., Clarence, Kent, and Cambridge—were all accommodated with wives. Those of us who are veterans enough to remember the late Duke of Cambridge (the "good Duke," as Prince Albert called him) are apt to remember him chiefly for his eccentricity of manner, his genuine kindness of disposition, and his untiring capacity for presiding at charity dinners. But the old Duke had other claims to respect. He served zealously in the Hanoverian Army during the arduous and somewhat disastrous campaigns in Flanders in the early part of the revolutionary war; afterwards (in the British service) he commanded the German Legion; and for many years (between 1813 and 1831) he was a most satisfactory Governor-General of Hanover. It was during this period that he met with the Princess whose death we are now lamenting. They were married May 7th, 1818. The Duke was forty-four; his bride was only twenty-one. Three children were born to them: first, the present Duke of Cambridge, whose seventieth birthday his venerable mother lived to celebrate; secondly, the Princess Augusta, married to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; and, lastly, the Princess Mary, who in 1866 married the Prince and Duke of Teck. The old Duke of Cambridge died in 1850, so that his widow survived him nearly forty years. She enjoyed excellent health; and, as she possessed a retentive memory, she latterly became a perfect treasure-house of old-world anecdote. Cambridge House, Kew, was the favourite residence of the Duke and Duchess for many years; but latterly the Duchess occupied a suite of rooms in



H.R.H. THE LATE DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE

Born July 25, 1797. Died April 6, 1889

GROUND PLAN OF THE ABBEY AND SURROUNDING BUILDINGS



A to B represents space to be left open and not built upon
B to C space occupied by the lower portion of the chapel
The higher portion of the chapel will extend from C to the wall of the end house
D (on view) shows the height of cloister forming approach to new chapel

- REFERENCES TO PLAN
1. Open space at present covered by houses
 2. Higher portion of chapel (or nave)
 3. Lower portion of chapel (or aisle)
 4. Future additions to chapel

the Ambassadors' Court, St. James's Palace. It was here that the end came. She passed away painlessly on the afternoon of Saturday, April 6th, sinking rapidly at last from the effects of old age alone.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Watery, 164, Regent Street, W.

THE PROPOSED NEW MONUMENTAL CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY

THE drawing here given shows the houses in Old Palace Yard and Poets' Corner, which it is proposed should be removed, in order to provide a site for a Monumental Chapel, with the view of continuing the roll of monuments which is carried back for centuries in the Abbey itself.

It is well known that the Abbey is virtually full, both as regards interments and monuments. If therefore it is admitted that so grand a roll of names as exists should be carried on into future generations, it is obvious that further space must be supplied.

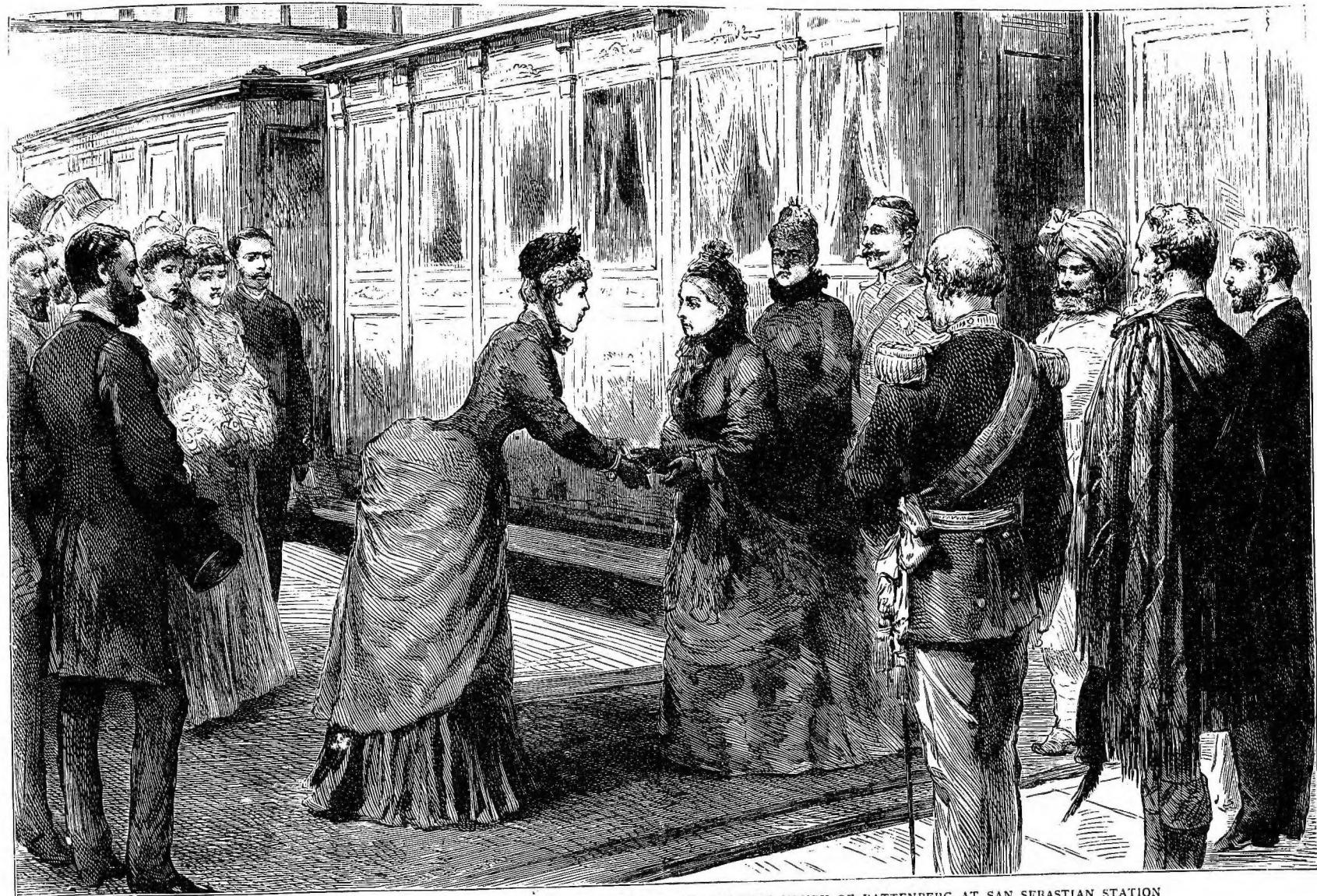
One of the alternative schemes which have been suggested is that the great cloisters should be utilized for the purpose, but it is stated that this scheme is out of the question, for not only are the cloisters unsuitable, as they are thoroughfares to the Abbey, and the only approach to many of the Canons' houses, but they are already full.

It appears that the site selected is the only land adjoining the Abbey which is not already occupied by the residences and buildings forming so to speak part of the Abbey, by the Chapter House, Westminster School, or by certain open spaces.

A committee comprising the Duke of Westminster, K.G., Lord Wantage, the Dean of Westminster, Canon Farrer, Right Hon. G. Shaw Lefevre, M.P.; Right Hon. H. Childers, M.P.; Mr. H. Hucks Gibbs, and others has been formed, and a Bill embodying the views of the promoters has been introduced into Parliament.

One of the grounds put forward in support of the Bill is that the houses which would be pulled down, were the Bill to become law, would remove a hideous disfigurement of the Abbey, and a distinct danger in the event of fire.

The Chapel would be about the size of



QUEEN CHRISTINA RECEIVING QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTEMBERG AT SAN SEBASTIAN STATION

Princess Beatrice

Prince Henry of Battenberg

Queen Christina

Queen Victoria



THE ROYAL LUNCHEON-PARTY IN THE CASTLE OF AYETE

THE MEETING BETWEEN THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND AND SPAIN AT SAN SEBASTIAN, NORTHERN SPAIN

THE GRAPHIC

THE PARRELL COMMISSION

Henry VII's Chapel, and would not in any way interfere with the structure of the Abbey, but would be connected with the Abbey by a Cloister.

It is urged that the question is national one, and one that does not brook of delay, for it must, of necessity, take some time to erect a suitable building, and in the meantime possibly many men whom their country would desire to honour with a resting-place, or with a monument in the Abbey, will have passed away, and thus the continuity in the noble chain of names would become broken.

PANTOMIME CHILDREN—THE PRELIMINARY GATHERING

In our double-page engraving M. Paul Renouard has depicted the assembling of the children in the rooms at Tottenham Court Road, where Madame Kattie Lanner receives all those young people who may wish to be engaged for the forthcoming pantomimes. They form a motley and interesting group, from the "old young" hands who have been elves, fairies, beetles, and animated carrots the previous year, to the tiny tots who are brought by their mothers to make their *début* in theatrical life. In many families, an engagement at Drury Lane for the Christmas season is looked upon by the children as a settled thing. Their parents have most likely begun life on that great pantomime stage, and the younger generation feel it almost a prescriptive right to follow in the ancestral footsteps and thus bring a welcome addition to the family income throughout the dreary winter, when life is hard and work comparatively scarce for their elders.

THE "SULTAN" COURT MARTIAL

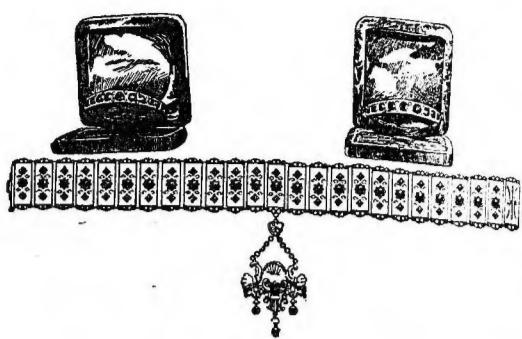
THE Court Martial appointed to inquire into the stranding of H.M.S. *Sultan* opened on board the *Victory*, at Portsmouth, yesterday week under the presidency of Admiral Sir G. Edmund Commerell, V.C., Commander-in-Chief. Captain Ernest Rice was the only officer placed on his trial, and he was allowed to have the services of Rear-Admiral Colomb as his "friend." The official charge was that the prisoner did "on the 16th day of March, 1889, negligently, or by default, strand Her Majesty's Ship *Sultan* in the Comino Channel, Malta." The first witness was Staff-Commander Wonham, the navigating officer of the *Sultan*, who gave a straightforward account of the disaster, much as it had previously been reported. The ship, it may be remembered, was at torpedo practice, and Captain Rice had laid down buoys outside the five fathom line off the shore in six fathoms of water. After firing five Whiteheads, and when making the turn off the land at the east end of the Comino Island the ship took the ground just outside the ten fathom line on a rock unmarked in the official charts. Staff-Commander Wonham testified that he regarded the ship as in a perfectly safe position, presuming the soundings given by the men in the chains were accurate, and the position he supposed the ship to be in upon the chart to be correct. He subsequently stated emphatically that if the spot had been accurately surveyed it would have been impossible for the rock to have been missed. When the vessel grounded she heeled over thirteen and a half degrees, and he considered that it would have been imprudent to have attempted to have got the ship off that night, as serious damage had been incurred, and she would have gone down. This evidence was corroborated by the other officers of the ship, and the leadsmen in the chains testified to having made due and proper casts for soundings, though their opinions differed as to whether bottom could have been touched by the lead at more than six fathoms, considering the rate at which the vessel was steaming. Captain Rice read a written statement of defence, and explained his reasons for not making an immediate attempt to get the vessel off, as he felt sure that unless he had full control of the pumps (which had been rendered partly ineffective by the accident) the ship would sink if she came off the rocks. This, indeed, is exactly what happened when the vessel was driven off by the gale. Admiral Colomb then read letters from the captains of other vessels of the Squadron, asserting that they considered the precautions were sufficiently prudent, and that they would not have hesitated to have taken their vessels through the Channel under the circumstances. Captains Seymour and Bridge were also called, and testified that the channel was a proper, and, indeed, the usual place for torpedo practice. On Monday the Court pronounced its judgment, finding that the *Sultan* stranded on an unknown rock—that the charge of negligence against Captain Rice was not proved, but that the charge of default was partly proved as "he committed an error of judgment in running the *Sultan* so close to the five fathom line, on an uneven and rocky bottom, without adequate necessity." The Court therefore adjudged him to be reprimanded. —Our illustrations are from sketches by Mr. C. W. Cole, R.N.

SIR RICHARD EVERARD WEBSTER, Q.C., M.P.

THE son of a well-known Queen's Counsel, Sir Richard Webster, was bred and born in the profession of which he is now the *bâtonnier*. When, at Midsummer, 1885, the Marquis of Salisbury formed his second Administration, the offer of the appointment of First Law Officer of the Crown was made to Mr. Webster, Q.C., with the hearty approval of the profession and the public. Indeed, if report spoke truly, none took a more active interest in his selection than his distinguished predecessor and rival, Sir Charles Russell. The fact that Mr. Webster had no seat at the time gave the distinction an added significance. It was an undoubted proof of the professional position which he had won for himself by solid achievement. Sir Richard's career has from his boyhood been a remarkable one. He distinguished himself at Charterhouse as a long-distance runner—a reputation which he sustained while at Cambridge by more than once putting the mile and the two mile races to the credit of the Light Blues at Lillie Bridge. A Scholar of Trinity, he gave good proof of his mental calibre by taking double honours as Thirty-Fifth Wrangler and a place in the Third Class of the Classical Tripos—a striking example of the compatibility of muscular with intellectual athletics. And this "staying power" has stood him in good stead at the Bar. His father's connection and some useful friends in the Railway interest secured him, as rumour had it, the phenomenal success of 300 guineas in his first year, and 1,000 guineas in his second. And he proved equal to his opportunities. Matters of the heaviest character—commercial cases, patent cases, compensation cases, were entrusted to him while still a very young man; and he showed himself to possess in a remarkable degree a clearness of perception and a power of lucid exposition which have seldom been rivalled.

His intellectual vigour has been emphasised by his strong force of character, which soon made him known as one of the most independent men at the Bar. It is a lesson in resolution and self-possession to see Sir Richard Webster before a hostile Judge. He never laid himself open for an Old Bailey reputation. In addressing juries Sir Richard Webster is not seen to advantage. He disdains those tricks of rhetorical artifice which are the glory of the typical *nisi prius* advocate, and it is seldom that he gets a jury who are able to appreciate the curious solidity of his logic. The mental inequality remains too acutely marked. As to that *vexata questio*, the Special Commission, we need say little here. There is plenty of evidence that all branches of the legal profession retain undiminished their belief in Sir Richard's unswerving rectitude. His whole professional career has shown him to be the soul of honour. Errors of judgment he may make, but the verdict of all who know him will always be that "Dick Webster is incapable of doing a dirty action."

pair of gold and ruby bangles. The collarette is made of twenty-five links, and each link is set with three of the rubies and four of the diamonds. Suspended from the collarette is a pendant attached by two pieces of cable chain, and sustaining two cornucopias. A beautifully chased shell occupies the space between these, and in the centre a very large ruby surmounts six diamonds, while



Sir Charles Russell makes the "reductio ad absurdum": "So that according to this case which the Attorney-General was instructed to present, his instruction was that it was naturally on the principle of the sub-division of labour in this criminal enterprise that Mr. Parnell, Mr. Biggar, and Mr. Davitt, had not their own immediate hands stained with blood."

Parnellites, and concluded his first day's oration with a brief history of the Irish Parliament, which, with all its defects, had in it, he said, the capabilities of infinite development. On this, the first day, the Court was well filled, and among the persons present were Mrs. Gladstone, dressed in deep mourning, and Mr. Parnell, wearing a skull cap. Next day, Sir Charles devoted himself to showing that Irish crime was mainly agrarian in its character, and that with recurrent distress there was recurrent crime. He asserted that in spite of the warnings afforded by the Devon Commission, nothing was done to protect the tenants, or to stay the rapacity of the landlord, and that thus the Encumbered Estates was a curse rather than a blessing, because it introduced a body of stranger-landlords who had no traditional sympathies with their tenants. He concluded with some graphic sketches of the famine-period, and with a powerful vindication of the present Irish leaders. Next day, Sir Charles sketched the rise and progress of the Land League, attempted a defence of boycotting as being sanctioned by ancient precedent, and then endeavoured to prove by figures that crime increased rather than diminished during the period when the Land League was suppressed. Details of the proceedings after the re-assembling of the Court on April 9th, will be found in our "Legal" column.

THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN LADIES' SILVER WEDDING GIFT TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES

THIS casket and its contents have been presented to the Princess of Wales by the ladies of South Australia. The casket is of Austra-



lian silver, and contains a collarette of South Australian gold mounted with Australian rubies and Brazilian diamonds, and a

close by three pretty coloured rubies hang gracefully in claw settings, a diamond surmounting the centre one. The casket is stated to be the largest specimen of the silversmith's art ever produced in Australia. It is 3 ft. 6 in. high, contains some 2,500 separate pieces, and weighs nearly 500 ounces. It is designed in two tiers, the whole being surmounted by emblematic figures of England and South Australia. The former figure is reclining on a wheel, and wields a trident. South Australia in one hand holds aloft the Australian flag and the Union Jack, and with the other hand pours forth the productions of the colony from a cornucopia. The doors of the lower portion of the casket, which contains the jewellery, are engraved with a design illustrative of agriculture, and a view of the Waterfall Gully; while those of the upper portion show views of the Post Office and Town Hall of Adelaide, and illustrate respectively the shipping and sheep-raising industries of the colony. Other designs on the casket show the chief fauna and flora of South Australia. The total value of the casket is £1,000, and both casket and jewels have been designed and made by Messrs. Stevenson Brothers, Rundle Street, Adelaide.—Our illustrations are from photographs by Messrs. Hammer and Co., Adelaide.

THE NAVAL DISASTER AT SAMOA

See page 388.

ART IN THE EAST

THESE engravings are sufficiently explained by the sub-titles.—They are from sketches by Mr. C. W. Cole, R.N.



POLITICAL.—The split in the Unionist party in the Central Division of Birmingham seems to be virtually at an end. A meeting of the Conservative Executive was held on Tuesday to promote the candidature of Mr. J. Albert Bright (L U), and, according to one report of the proceedings, in order to prove that the Conservative organisation of the Division is to be placed unreservedly at his disposal. Among the M.P.'s who are visiting Birmingham to support Mr. Bright's candidature is that staunch independent Conservative Mr. Henry Chaplin. The Gladstonian candidate is Mr. Philipps Beale. —The nomination for the seat vacant at Rochester, through the resignation of Colonel Hughes-Hallett, takes place to-day (Saturday). The polling is fixed for Tuesday next. Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen (G) and Mr. Alderman Davies (C) are busily canvassing the electors. At the last General Election Colonel Hughes-Hallett (C) had a majority of 257 votes over his Gladstonian opponent. Since then one thousand new electors have been added to the Register.—At a large meeting of Bethnal Green Gladstonians on Tuesday, Mr. G. Howell, M.P., in the chair, Sir George Trevelyan attacked, in his usual fashion, the Unionist party, and supported the principle of "one man one vote," the taxation of ground-rents, and the other articles of faith of the London Radicals.—The increase in the number of members of the Primrose League, it is officially stated, still averages more than 2,000 a week, and before the 15th inst., which is both Good Friday and Primrose Day, the League, it is expected, will number 800,000 members.

AT THE MEETING of the London County Council, on Tuesday, a long discussion took place on a resolution in favour of the transfer of the control of the Metropolitan Police to the Council. The motion was supported by Lord Hobhouse and Mr. John Burns and opposed by the Earl of Meath and Lord Lingan. The discussion was adjourned.

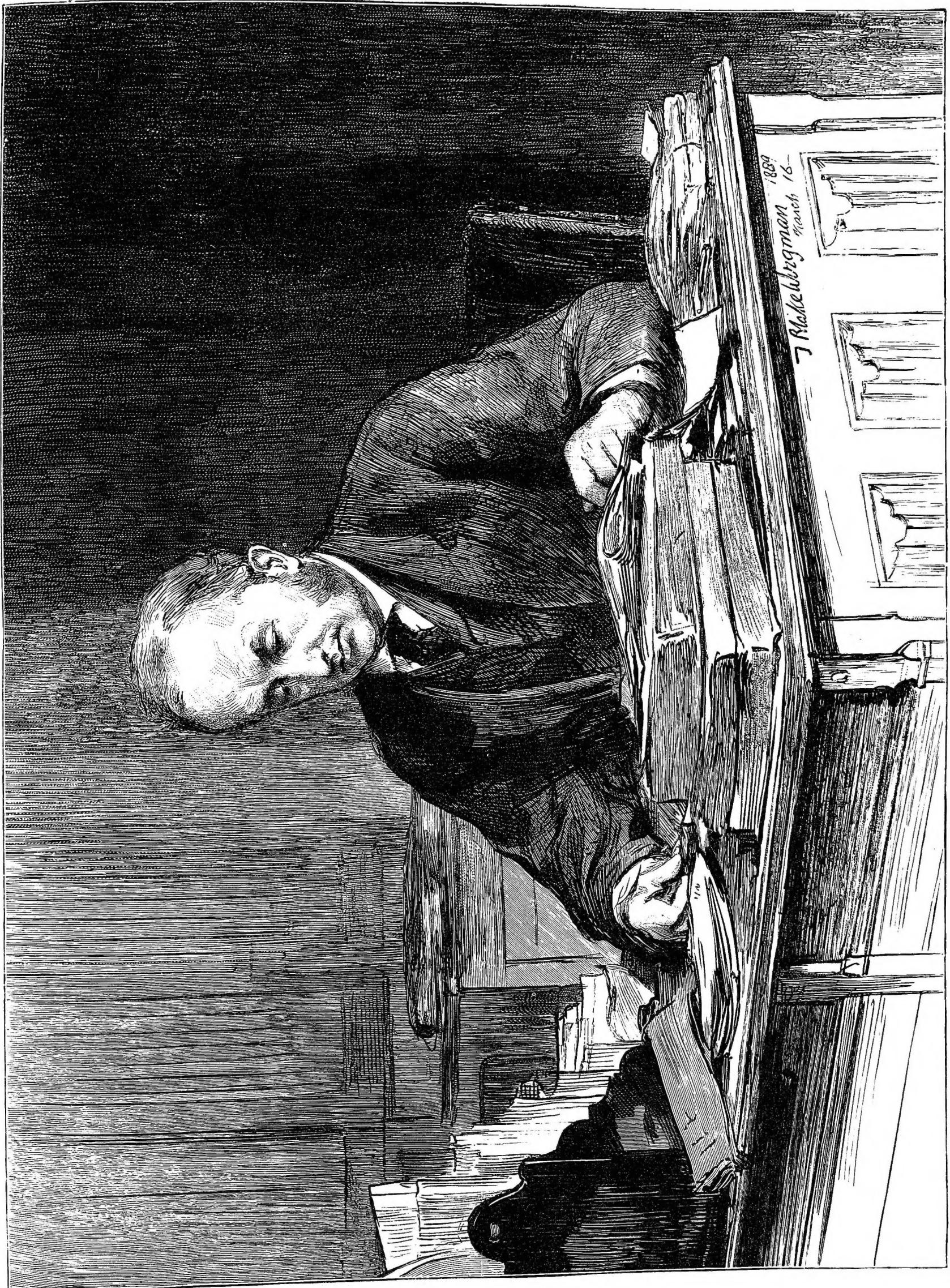
THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY, it is authoritatively stated, has expressed his desire, for purely private reasons, to resign the Irish Viceroyalty.—The sentence of four months' imprisonment passed, under the Crimes Act, on Mr. Finucane, M.P., has been confirmed on appeal, but the ten months of imprisonment to which Mr. Sheehy, M.P., was sentenced have been reduced to four.

THE LORD MAYOR presided at a great gathering, chiefly of working men, at the East End on Monday in support of the Hospital Saturday Fund. A resolution moved by Lord Meath was adopted, recommending that in every workshop or warehouse there should be a weekly subscription of 1d. or 1½d. per head towards the support of the hospitals.

THE THIRTIETH AND LAST MEETING AT WIMBLEDON of the National Rifle Association will begin on Monday, the 8th of July. After this year the meeting will be held at Brookwood.

AT A MEETING OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY this week there was read a very interesting letter from Mr. H. M. Stanley narrating some of his adventures in quest of Emin Pasha. The Council have recommended Sir M. E. Grant Duff as successor in the Presidency to General R. Strachey, and the Founder's Medal of the Society has been awarded to Mr. E. D. Carey, of the Indian Civil Service, for his remarkable journey through Central Asia.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his forty-first year, of the fourth Marquis of Ely, who is succeeded in the title by his cousin, Mr. John H. Loftus, grandson of the second Marquis; at Harrogate, after an illness of some months' duration, of Mrs. Ryle, wife of the Bishop of Liverpool, and daughter of Colonel Clowes, of Broughton Old Hall, Lancashire; of Mrs. Plumptre, wife of the Dean of Wells, and sister of the late Frederick Denison Maurice; in his eighty-eighth year, of Mr. Charles Cowan, formerly head of a very large paper manufacture in Mid-Lothian, Liberal M.P. for Edinburgh from 1847 to 1859; in his eighty-first year, of General Edmund R. Jeffreys, who, while commanding the Connaught Rangers, was severely wounded at the Battle of Inkermann; in his eighty-fifth year, of the Rev. Dr. Benjamin Hall Kennedy, the eminent classical scholar, for thirty



No. XXXIX.

C E L E B R I T I E S O F T H E D A Y — S I R R. E. W E B S T E R, Q. C., M. P.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY T. BLAKE VIRGMAN

comes with thanks
Richard Webster

years the very successful Head Master of Shrewsbury School, since 1867 Professor of Greek at Cambridge, and Canon of Ely, the author of a number of admirable translations from English into Greek and Latin, and conversely, and of the Public School Latin Grammar, the most complete work of the kind, used in almost every school of note throughout the kingdom; in his sixty-second year, of the Rev. G. R. Portal, Rector of Burghclere, Hants (worth £1,025*l.* a year), domestic chaplain to the Duke of Northumberland and the Earl of Carnarvon, Rural Dean of North Andover, and Honorary Canon of Winchester Cathedral, Past Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge (of Freemasons) of England, and the principal promoter of the National Deposit Friendly Society; in his eightieth year, of the Rev. Dr. James F. Schön, for many years a missionary of the Church Missionary Society in West Africa, and translator of portions of the Scriptures into West African dialects, of which he also compiled grammars and dictionaries; and, in his sixty-ninth year, of Dr. Joseph Rogers (brother of Professor Thorold Rogers, late M.P. for Southwark), who, as a Poor Law Medical Officer for a Metropolitan Workhouse, did much to improve the treatment of sick paupers.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,572 deaths were registered, against 1,476 during the previous seven days, a rise of $\frac{1}{6}$, being 251 below the average, and at the rate of 18·8 per 1,000. There were 69 deaths from violence, 15 of which were of infants under one year of age from suffocation, and 10 cases of suicide, the last being three above the average. The births numbered 2,676, being a fall of 132, and 222 below the average.



PARLIAMENT has passed a prosaic week, the Commons chiefly occupied with Supply. The Lords on Monday had a useful debate on a Bill introduced by Lord Milltown providing flogging for the correction of the burglar who, for the better accomplishment of his task, provides himself with firearms. At first there was a general disposition to agree with the Bill, which had passed a second reading and now stood for Committee. But as the debate went forward important authorities, including Lord Herschell, Lord Granville, and Lord Esher, began to doubt whether, after all, flogging is a deterrent. Lord Salisbury was for the lash, and so was Lord Bramwell, who, from his long experience on the bench, laid down with authority the dictum that he "would not consult the culprit as to the punishment he would like," but deal out to him that best calculated to bring him back to the narrow path of virtue. In the end a compromise was effected, it being agreed without a division to refer the Bill to a Standing Committee, an exceedingly delicate way of shelving it.

On Friday Mr. Picton did a considerable service to the cause of public health by bringing forward a motion for a Royal Commission, to inquire into the working of the Vaccination Act. Mr. Picton is member for Leicester, a town which has achieved a certain notoriety for its dogged opposition to vaccination. Mr. Picton was not less dogged in his method of addressing himself to the subject. But the main result was a crushing success in arraying against himself and his argument an irresistible force. Dr. Farquharson undertook to second the motion—a matter which at first sight was surprising, seeing that the Member for West Aberdeenshire, though not now in practice, is a surgeon of high repute. But, though Dr. Farquharson supported the proposal for a Royal Commission, he did it on quite other grounds than those wandered over by Mr. Picton. He admitted the existence of a serious amount of opposition to the working of the Act among a class of honest and, in other aspects, intelligent people. If a Commission were appointed, and full inquiry made, the only result would be to dispel the doubt on the subject that exists in one or two quarters of the country, and centres at Leicester. This view was taken by other speakers, notably Sir Lyon Playfair, who delivered one of the luminous addresses on scientific subjects with which he occasionally instructs and delights the House of Commons. Mr. Ritchie, on behalf of the Government, agreed to the appointment of the Royal Commission, careful to guard the concession by making it clear that it was made, not because the Government had any doubts of the efficacy of vaccination, but because they desired to provide opportunity for removing the film from some clouded eyes.

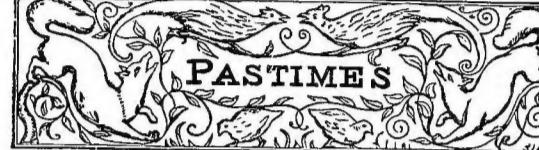
With the cessation of public excitement in the matter of the Parnell Commission the storm of questions in the House of Commons has considerably abated. From over a hundred, the daily aggregate has dropped to forty or fifty. One reason for this comparatively sleepy condition of affairs is found in the absence of Mr. Healy, detained in Ireland by more lucrative practice than is to be found at Westminster. In his absence Mr. Sexton does his best to extend the proceedings at the question hour. But the very strong manifestation of distaste for the "right hon. gentleman's" arrogant interposition has had some effect, even upon the person most nearly concerned. During the past week he has not interposed with supplementary questions on an average of more than five or six subjects cropping up in due order on the notice-paper. This is a considerable relief.

There is also a cessation of questions from the little band of Army and Navy Reformers. Lord Charles Beresford has been silent, Mr. Hanbury hushed, and Lord Randolph Churchill has temporarily retired from the field, disgusted with the course of events which led to the withdrawal of his candidature for Central Birmingham. Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain have also quitted the field, and the House is no longer treated to the daily episode of the Leaders of the dissentient Liberals struggling for a place on the Front Opposition Bench, with every prospect of the long delayed, but inevitable scene occurring. In other quarters the approach of the Easter Holidays is making itself felt. Members are beginning to leave town, and those that remain are in subdued spirits. One exception must be noted in the case of Dr. Tanner, whose days are numbered, and who is inclined to make the most of his liberty. "Sir," he said on Tuesday, when some answer from the Treasury Bench did not strike him as satisfactory, "when I come out of gaol I shall devote myself to the full consideration of this important question." "Order! Order!" cried the Deputy Speaker. But the House laughed good-humouredly, perhaps the more indulgent in prospect of the deliverance close at hand.

On Monday night the Lord Advocate brought in a batch of Bills affecting Scotland. One attempted to grapple with the question of Local Government; the second was supplementary thereto; the third amends the law relating to the election of parochial Boards; and the fourth revolutionises procedure in regard to private Bills relating to Scotland. With some variation of detail, necessitated by the different character of the country, the Scotch Local Government Bill follows on the lines laid down by the Act now operating in England. As far as Radical principle is concerned the measures, more especially that dealing with private business, go further than has been attempted in the English Bill. "An ultra-Radical measure" Dr. Cameron called it, and found in the scheme a design "or 'dishing the Liberals in Scotland.'" The measures thus infused with the principle of Liberalism received a hearty welcome on the Opposition Benches, though further consideration has brought to light some controversial points on which a good deal will be said before the Bills are passed into law.

Scotland, long neglected, has no reason to complain of the share allocated to her in this week's Parliament. Following close upon Monday's field-night came the evening sitting on Tuesday, when Dr. Clark submitted a resolution boldly demanding Home Rule for Scotland. For a Tuesday night the attendance through the debate was unusually large, the interest centring upon Mr. Gladstone and the attitude he would assume. The occasion was peculiarly delicate for him—not to say dangerously embarrassing. As the chief advocate of Home Rule for Ireland, it would in any circumstances have been difficult for him to disown an appeal for Home Rule for Scotland. But he was something more than the Leader of the English Home Rulers; he was a Scotch member, and the majority of Scotch members, presumably representing the bulk of the nation, supported Dr. Clark's resolution. The action was just one of those in view of which Mr. Gladstone's genius is displayed in its fullest strength. One imagines he must delight in getting into a tight place for the pleasure of exercising his capacity for getting out of it. On Tuesday he was able to show, at least to his own satisfaction, that whilst the demand for Home Rule, if made by a majority of the Scotch people, the She-Who-Is-to-Be-Obedied of politics, would be irresistible, yet there is a time for all things, and Tuesday night was not the time for Mr. Gladstone to vote in favour of Home Rule for Scotland. So he refrained, and the Motion was negatived by an emphatic majority of 121 in a House of 279 Members.

On Wednesday afternoon Ireland once more came to the front, and appropriated the whole of the sitting with discussion of a Bill introduced by Mr. Crilly, radically amending the various Land Bills passed in recent years. It was opposed by the Government, and on a division was thrown out by 229 votes against 168.



THE TURF.—The odds on Donovan for the Prince of Wales's Stakes did not alter much from those we recorded last week. He started at 13 to 8 on in a field of seventeen runners. The going was very bad, but with admirable judgment F. Barrett took the favourite early to the post and secured a position which gave his mount the driest side of the course; and the result, as everybody knows, was that the son of Galopin and Mowering secured an easy victory by two lengths. Mr. Abington's Pioneer, also a Galopin, was second, and Minthe, the absolute outsider of the party, third. Thus the Duke of Portland secured the nice little wedding-present of 11,000 sovereigns, the largest stake ever run for. Verily, his Grace's good luck seems inexhaustible. It is given to few men to have an Ayrshire: but to have an Ayrshire one year and a Donovan the next! The latter colt has already brought his owner more than 27,000*l.*, and as he is engaged in stakes amounting to the enormous total of 70,000*l.*, the sum is likely, barring accidents, to be very largely increased. Eleven to ten was, at the time of writing, the best offer against him for the Derby.

Of the other races at Leicester we may notice the Excelsior Breeders' Foal Stakes, secured by Lord Alington's Bena; the Spring Handicap, which fell to Tom Cannon's True Blue II.; and the Wigston Plate, taken by Palmiste.

The Craven Meeting at headquarters began on Tuesday. Belmont won the Fitzwilliam Plate for Mr. Cass, and Love-in-Idleness the Crawford Plate for Prince Soltykoff, while the Thirty-first Newmarket Biennial fell to Mr. Houldsworth's Evergreen. Next day the lucky Duke of Portland took three more races with Melanion, The Turcopole, and Elsie; but the Babraham Plate went to Count Lehndorf's Hortari.

The House of Commons Steeplechase is described elsewhere. At Leopardstown, the Irish International Handicap Steeplechase was taken by Kilworth for Lord Dudley, who at present is making a good race with Mr. Abington for the second place in Fortune's favours this season.

FOOTBALL.—With the England v. Scotland match, to be decided to-day (Saturday) at the Oval, the season practically comes to an end. The team selected to do battle for the Rose is very strong in the back division, but the forwards are hardly so powerful or so likely to combine quickly as might be wished, and we shall not be surprised if the Thistles very nearly reverse the verdict of last year. The feasting and general rejoicing over the capture of the Association Cup may, we take it, be held responsible for the heavy defeat of Preston North End on Saturday by the Bolton Wanderers, who have a knack of beating the winners of the trophy after the competition is over. Strangely enough, the Bolton men themselves could only make a draw with Stoke on Monday. Another surprise was furnished on Saturday by the defeat of the Swifts, whose eleven included six "internationals," by a not very strong team of Old Westminsters in the London Charity Cup. The Yorkshire Rugby Cup was won by Otley, a club which, until this season, was comparatively unknown.

CRICKET.—Since we last wrote the deaths have been announced of H. Jupp, the famous Surrey professional, who did good service for his county during nearly twenty years, and of Samuel Oscroft, a Notts cricketer himself, and brother and father of many other Notts cricketers, but best known as a pedestrian. Oscroft was seventy-six: Jupp only forty-seven.—We are glad to see that Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire have both started regular county cricket clubs.—There has been some high scoring in Australia this season. South Melbourne made 437 for six wickets (Trott, 216), against the Melbourne C.C.; and Sydney University, playing against the Albert Club, made 635, to which T. W. Garrett, in spite of a recent injury to his back, contributed 274.

BILLIARDS.—North seems to have great difficulty in recovering his proper form this season. Last week he was easily beaten by Peall in a spot-barred match of 9,000 up on level terms; and this week he will have to put his best leg foremost if he is going to beat Lloyd, who receives 1,600 in 8,000.—A tournament (heats 500 up) is in progress at the Sportsman's Exhibition, Central Hall, Holborn. Roberts, in spite of owing 350 in each game, started very well by winning his first two matches, but Mitchell did still better, and won his first four.

MISCELLANEOUS.—E. W. Parry, of the Salford Harriers, was unable to take part in the Ten Miles Championship, which was decided on Saturday at Stamford Bridge; but, had he run, he would have beaten Sidney Thomas, Kanelagh Harriers, who did the record distance in 51 min. 31 2-5 sec., only eleven seconds behind the record established by W. G. George in 1884.—E. W. Lewis won the Covered-Court Lawn Tennis Championship for the third year in succession, and thus secured the Cup outright. J. H. Crispe was the runner-up.

A CURIOSITY IN BIRDS' NESTS is reported from Polegate, in Sussex. A hedge-sparrow and a thrush jointly built a nest, and laid their respective eggs in amity, the thrush contributing five and the sparrow three. Then the friends quarrelled as to which should sit upon the eggs, the nest not having room for both. After a fierce fray the thrush remained victor, at the cost of two of her eggs, and turned the sparrow out of the home she had helped to construct.



THE PARIS BOULEVARDS are to be lighted by electricity from June to November.

THE RAINFALL IN NEW SOUTH WALES last year was the lowest ever known in the colony.

"PICKWICK" has been dramatised in Danish, and is a great success at the Copenhagen Popular Theatre.

A MAORI TROUPE is coming over to Europe this summer to illustrate the native war-dances, and will also perform at the Paris Exhibition.

NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS PUBLISHED in the United States and Canada now number 17,077, being 797 more than last year. In ten years the increase has been nearly 8,000.

THE STREET AMBULANCES IN LONDON will probably begin work within the next two months. Enough money is in hand for the initial cost of establishing the system, and for the first year's expenses.

TELEPHONIC COMMUNICATION BETWEEN LONDON AND PARIS is shortly to be tried. The French Postal Department have appointed a special expert to make necessary arrangements for the experiment.

A SPLENDID EXHIBITION OF FAMILY JEWELS opens in Vienna on Easter Monday. The chief families of the Austrian and Hungarian nobility will lend their heirlooms for the display at the palace of Prince Schwarzenberg.

EATING TEA-LEAVES is the latest fancy in the United States. The habit is said to be far more pernicious than drinking alcohol to excess, for the tea-leaves produce the wildest type of intoxication. They lose their intoxicating qualities when boiled.

THE MELANCHOLY HISTORY OF CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH OF AUSTRIA has been put upon the stage at Elbing in Prussia as a five-act drama, called *Count Gleichenfels*. The author announces that his piece is "a contribution to the psychology of the Meyerling catastrophe."

THE NEW ZEALAND AND SOUTH SEAS EXHIBITION, which will open at Dunedin on November 20th, to commemorate the colony's Jubilee, has now been entirely planned out. *The Colonies and India* tells us that foreign and inter-colonial exhibits will pass the Customs free, and applications for space can be made up to June 1st.

ST. PETER'S AT ROME is to be further embellished by fresh mosaics. At present the cornice running round the nave and aisles is merely a canvas imitation, but Pope Leo intends to replace it by real mosaic, according to the original designs by Raphael, Bramante, and Michael Angelo. The cornice will also contain inscriptions commemorating the Popes who built and completed the Cathedral.

THE PARISIANS have a wholesome horror of any epidemic breaking out in their city during the coming summer, and spoiling the grand Exhibition season. So all street-sellers, strolling players, circus troupes, acrobats, pedlars, &c., who come to Paris must be vaccinated or re-vaccinated by Government order unless they can show a satisfactory certificate that the operation has been recently performed.

EVEN THE PROVERBIAL STRICT SCOTCH SABBATH seems to be yielding to the modern movement for Sunday popular recreation. The Edinburgh Botanical Gardens were opened last Sunday for the first time, when 1,746 persons visited the grounds, notwithstanding the unfavourable weather; and at St. Giles's Cathedral a military string band accompanied the Morning Service instead of the organ—a plan which is to be followed every Sunday for the future. Rather a change from the times when the rigid Scotch objected even to an organ in the kirk as a "kist o' whistles."

THE RUSSIAN EXPLORER, GENERAL PRJEVALSKY, is to be commemorated on the spot of his death by various monuments. The town of Karakal, in the province of Semiretchia, Central Asia, where he died, will in future be known as Prjevalsk, and the hospital as Prjevalsky. A tablet with suitable inscription will mark the site of his last hours; and a fine monument, surrounded by a public garden, will be erected on the shores of Lake Issik Kul. Karakal—or, rather, Prjevalsk—is the administrative centre of the Issik Kul district, and stands on a high plateau in the desert spot formerly visited by the nomad Kirghiz. Founded in 1868, it now numbers 5,000 inhabitants, half Russians, and half immigrants from Kashgar.

THE MISERY IN THE FAMINE-STRICKEN DISTRICTS OF CHINA seems as yet very little alleviated, and the Europeans who carry relief to the people draw terrible pictures of the distress. Many families have either sold all their clothes and furniture, or burnt them for fuel, and live on broth made from chopped willow leaves or millet-husks. Others have not even this wretched fare, but starve to death patiently. Hundreds are homeless, and huddle in "dug-out holes, flush with the ground, about the size of a dog-kennel." The unfortunate creatures are often driven mad by hunger, and are ready to fall upon the foreigners bringing relief, if they do not understand the language. Still the majority are wonderfully patient, and a correspondent of the *North China Herald* tells of a poor little Chinese girl of twelve, who, when given a cake, at once fed her kitten, instead of herself. The animal could not eat the husks on which the child existed, and was too weak to stand.

THE CENTENARY OF WASHINGTON'S INSTALLATION as first President of the United States, which falls on the 30th instant, will be celebrated with much pomp in New York. The festivities begin on April 29th, when President Harrison will meet the Governors and Commissioners from the various States at Elizabeth Port on Staten Island, and go in procession to the City Hall at New York for a grand reception and lunch. In the evening there will be a ball, arranged, as far as possible, on the plan of the inauguration ball one hundred years since, all the descendants of any citizens who held office under Washington being especially invited. The ladies are hunting up ancestral costumes to wear on the occasion, and they expect to receive a Washington fan—with the General's portrait—like those presented to their grandmothers at the original ball. Sixteen of the highest ladies in the land, including Mrs. Cleveland, will dance in the opening quadrille. On the actual anniversary—April 30th—every church-bell in the States is to ring from 9 to 10 A.M.—just as in 1789—while President Harrison attends a Memorial Service in Old St. Paul's, New York, sitting in Washington's pew, and hearing the Scriptures read from the same Bible and pulpit as his great predecessor. Then comes the grand feature of the celebration—the monster naval and military parade and review, occupying at least 50,000 troops. An industrial parade follows on the succeeding day, when numerous mercantile and trade organisations, charitable and religious societies, police and firemen take part, while special groups will illustrate the industries, arts, and sciences of the country. Washington relics are being collected on all sides for exhibition—such as the Bible whereon the President took the oath, and which belongs to St. John's Masonic Lodge of New York, and his inauguration sword, bequeathed to his friend Samuel Lewis, and now owned by the grand-daughter, Miss Virginia Lewis.



THE EMPLOYMENT OF CHILDREN IN PANTOMIMES
APPLYING FOR ENGAGEMENTS FOR THE PANTOMIME SEASON



GENERAL BOULANGER, his flight, his manifesto, his prosecution by M. Tirard's Cabinet, and his Machiavellian intrigues and schemes form the sole topic of interest throughout FRANCE. Immediately after the General's strategic retreat last week to Brussels the new Procureur-General, M. de Beaurepaire, applied to the Chamber for leave to prosecute the General. The permission was granted after a stormy debate, though his application, which charges the General with "conspiring with a view to change and destroy the Government of France," is considered to be somewhat feeble from a legal point of view. It reviews the whole conduct of General Boulanger from the time of the Commune, and, in short, accuses him of trying to tamper with the Army, to corrupt civil functionaries, of negotiating with Prince Jérôme and Prince Victor Bonaparte, and of "clearly setting himself up as a pretender, and openly proclaiming his intention to put down the République, and construct it after his own model." The evidence cited, however, is more circumstantial than specific, and, as has been shrewdly remarked by the General in another manifesto, many of the acts mentioned were fully known before he was appointed Minister of War, so that if they involved guilt those who called him to the post were manifestly his accomplices. As the offences named have to be tried by the Senate, President Carnot on Monday issued a decree constituting the Senate a High Court of Justice "to pronounce on the facts concerning the felonious attempt against the safety of the State, and other facts connected with it, brought to the charge of M. Georges Ernest Boulanger, retired General and Deputy, and of all others who may be implicated during the preparation of the case." On Tuesday, the Chamber, after another turbulent meeting, passed the Bill settling the judicial procedure of the Senate in the forthcoming inquiry, and the Senate itself was to attack the question yesterday (Friday). The Cabinet had asked the Chamber to vote the Bill immediately, but only carried their point in the Chamber by a small majority of eleven votes, as some fifty Radicals, though willing enough to see General Boulanger brought to trial, were anxious not to invest the Senate—which as a body they dislike—with any exceptional authority. Eventually the Bill was passed by 318 to 205. It is possible that the Senate after all may not find sufficient evidence to warrant the General's prosecution, while a certain section, headed by M. Leon Renault, aver that they have no right to try the General because they hate him, thus endorsing the General's own protest against being brought before a Court "composed of political enemies who are not judges." The first act of the Senate will be to elect a Committee of nine to investigate the charges, and if they consider fit, to draw up a formal indictment, to answer which the General will be allowed twenty days to come and defend himself.

Meanwhile, the General himself is holding his court at Brussels, where his partisans constantly run over from Paris to see him, and sympathetic young ladies send him handsome bouquets. The Belgian Cabinet have intimated they will not expel him unless he becomes a source of open disturbance and agitation. His flight has annoyed some of his followers, who have seceded from his party, and he is considered to have considerably damaged his prospects, which many considered would have been bettered by his remaining to face his trial, and pose as a political martyr, rather than by running away and openly proclaiming himself a pretender. Moreover, the practical collapse of the trial of the organisers of the League of Patriots has shown how difficult it is to bring legal evidence of any conspiracy against the State, MM. Déroulède, Naquet, and their colleagues having been acquitted of the charge of membership of a secret society, and only fined 4/- apiece for having belonged to an unlicensed society. This result was made the occasion of much jubilation at a Boulangerist dinner at Belleville, at which a speech by General Boulanger was read by M. Naquet, in which he characterised the recall of the Duc d'Aumale as a political manoeuvre to win the support of the Conservatives. Had the General remained in Paris, it is quite on the cards that he might have got off with increased popularity. Now he will probably be condemned by default, and being unable to enter France will lose all the influence which he has obtained by his triumphal journeys, his political banquets, and his constant appeals to the Electorate. In PARIS there is little but exhibition gossip. M. Chevreul, the centenarian savant, has died at the age of nearly 103.

In GERMANY, the Emperor is steadily altering his political and Ministerial personnel, and gathering around him counsellors entirely after his own heart and mind. He has now accepted the resignation of General Bronsart von Schellendorff, the Minister of War, who has been replaced by General von Verdy du Vernois, a good and able soldier, and, what is not always the rule in Prussian military circles, a man of gracious and engaging manners. Like his predecessor, he is of French origin.—Much regret is expressed at the death of the late Emperor William's body-physician, who attended him in his last hours, Surgeon-General Dr. von Lauer, who himself was a veteran of some eighty-two winters.—The Emperor has issued a letter of regret at the Samoa disaster, and no time has been lost in allotting ships to replace those which have been lost. Indeed the new Samoan squadron will be stronger than the last, as it will mount thirty in place of nineteen guns, and be manned by six hundred in place of four hundred men. The Germans are not yet tired of their Colonial enterprises, and a new venture, "The German Pondo-land Company," is now to be launched.

In HOLLAND the King's strength is gradually diminishing, and the patient may yet linger for a week or two. In Luxemburg the Duke of Nassau has sent a message formally accepting the Regency, and declaring that he is willing to observe the Constitution and the family agreement, and to take the oaths prescribed. The Duke and his son arrived in Luxemburg on Wednesday, being met at the frontier by the Ministry, and on Thursday the Duke would take the oaths in the Chamber of Deputies, and take over the reins of Government.

In EASTERN EUROPE the chief interest this week has centred on ROUMANIA, where there has been a Ministerial crisis. The Conservative Leader, M. Loscar Catargi, who is an ardent Russophile, has failed to construct a Ministry, much to the satisfaction of Austria, where the prospect of Roumania again falling under Russian tutelage was viewed with considerable apprehension. General Floresco, the President of the Senate, was then asked by the King to try his hand at Cabinet-making, but declined.—SERVIA and BULGARIA are endeavouring to make up old differences, and have at last succeeded in agreeing upon a common basis on which to negotiate a Treaty of Commerce. In SERVIA all is quiet, and the Regency is at present enjoying a pleasant period of calm and tranquillity.

RUSSIA now is paying especial attention to Persia, and has succeeded in compelling the Shah to cede to the Czar the fort of Khelat-i-Nadir, one of the strongest natural fortresses in the world, and situated in the province of Khorassan, some sixty miles north-east of Meshed. The St. Petersburg Government is also stated to have addressed certain demands to the Shah, which, if complied with, give Russia a complete monopoly of all railway concessions

in Persian territory. The Russians are determined to be revenged for the little rise we took out of them in connection with the navigation of the Karun River.

IN INDIA there has been a great fire at Surat, where a quarter of the city has been destroyed, and 15,000 persons rendered homeless. No fewer than nine separate fires burned simultaneously in different parts of the city, and, to add to the general misery, cholera has now broken out in the town. Lord Reay, the Governor of Bombay, paid a visit to the town on learning the disaster. The discussion of the Budget in Council having been finished, the Viceroy has left Calcutta, and the various officials have fled to Simla for the hot season. The Budget is regarded as eminently satisfactory, especially with regard to the forthcoming surplus, and optimists are now looking forward to the abolition of the obnoxious income tax and of the export duty on rice.—In UPPER BURMA much dacoity disturbance and desultory skirmishing still continue, and no trains are allowed to run at night on the Toungoo-Mandalay Railway northward of the old frontier. On the 30th ult. a force under Major Garfit occupied Bainborg, after taking four stockades under heavy fire. It is stated that Sawlapaw, the head chief of the Karen, who was recently dethroned by us, has returned to Sawlon, and has practically resumed the government of the country. Our nominee, Sawnee, who is also in Sawlon, is stated to be a mere puppet.

IN ITALY the chief topic is the death of King John of Abyssinia, who has been defeated and killed while fighting against the Dervishes on the frontier between Abyssinia and the Soudan. The King's death might naturally be expected to have an important bearing upon Italian policy at Massowah, but Signor Crispi has not yet made any statement as to what action his Government intends to take, beyond asserting that "it would not let itself be seduced into rash adventure." The opportunity is certainly tempting, as the Abyssinian army is completely dispersed, and the surrounding districts deserted. The King's old rival, Menelek, King of Shoa, is stated to have written to the Italian Government, but whether to put in a claim to the succession has not been divulged. It is asserted that before his death King John had nominated his nephew, the Shoa chief Degiac Mangascia, as his successor.

IN AUSTRIA the new Army Bill has been passed by the Reichsrath with the amendments of the Hungarian Diet.—In SOUTH AFRICA the Conference between the Presidents of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal at Potchefstroom has resulted in a Treaty, by which the two States bind themselves "to support each other with all their power and means whenever the independence of one of the States is threatened or endangered from the outside, unless the State which shall have to render assistance points out the injustice of the course of the other State"—a somewhat important qualifying clause.—There is much distress amongst the negroes formerly employed on the canal works at PANAMA, and the British Consul has been distributing bread amongst the sufferers.—CHINA is sending a new ambassador to London and Paris—Chen-Kin-Ming, formerly Foreign Under-Secretary of State at Pekin.—In the UNITED STATES, serious gales prevailed on Saturday and Sunday, and many shipping disasters are reported.—In EAST AFRICA, Captain Wissmann has created a good impression by taking care, as soon as he arrived, to assure the Anglo-Indian merchants, who have suffered so severely by the recent warfare between the Germans and the natives, that he was resolved to protect and promote their interests.—In AUSTRALIA the New South Wales Parliament have passed a resolution in favour of the payment of members.—The Commissioners on M. Pasteur's method of destroying rabbits have reported that while rabbits inoculated with chicken cholera, or fed with infected food have died, the disease does not readily spread from animal to animal.



The Duke of Edinburgh is expected to return to England at the end of next week. The Duchess has spent a few days in Berlin to meet the Empress Frederick. She stayed with the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, and on Saturday night dined with Sir Edward and Lady Malet at the British Embassy. The Empress Frederick and her daughters shortly leave Berlin to spend Easter at Homberg. They attended Divine Service on Sunday morning in the Friedenskirche, Potsdam, where the Emperor Frederick is buried, and in the evening went to the English Church of St. George at Berlin.—Prince Henry of Battenberg has been staying at the British Embassy in Paris, and called on President Carnot to convey the Queen's thanks for the attentions paid to her by the Government during the Royal stay at Biarritz. The Prince also inspected the Exhibition works. The Prince returned to Windsor on Wednesday in order to be present at the funeral of the Duchess of Cambridge.—Emperor William of Germany will not visit London, according to present arrangements, when he comes to England in July. He will merely stay with the Queen at Osborne, and witness a grand naval review at Spithead. Numerous German war-ships will escort the Emperor at Spithead.



THE BISHOP OF TRURO, in consequence of continued ill-health, contemplates resigning his See, and is understood to have consulted the Primate on the subject.

THE POSITION of Bishop Suffragan of Beverley has been conferred on the Venerable R. Crossthwaite, Archdeacon of York, Examining Chaplain to the Archbishop of York, editor of the New York Diocesan Calendar, and author of a work on "The Gospels, Their Genuineness and Authenticity."

THE BISHOP OF LONDON concludes a final appeal for support to the China Famine Relief Fund (which amounts to 25,000/- and is soon to be closed), by saying that "no preaching of our Lord to the men of China will be so effective as to practise, in their dreadful extremity, His precept of sympathy with the suffering."

DR. GIFFORD has resigned the Archdeaconry of London, which, with a Canonry of St. Paul's, is worth 666/-, not 1,200/-, a year, as stated in the *Times*. The Bishop of London has appointed to be Prebendaries of St. Paul's the Rev. W. Walsh, of the London Diocesan Home Mission; and the Rev. Dr. Thornton, Hon. Secretary to the London Diocesan Conference.

IN REPLY TO THE DEAN OF WINDSOR'S LETTER, referred to in this column last week, Canon Paget, of Oxford, affirms that the claims of High Churchmen in regard to the constitution of a tribunal of appeal in matters ecclesiastical are not at variance with the position of an Established Church, since they have been recognised in the case of the Established Church of Scotland. In a conciliatory rejoinder the Dean of Windsor points out that the superior tribunal of the Kirk, its General Assembly, is so far from being an exclusively clerical body, that of its 437 members 178 are laymen. These, however, it has since been explained, though engaged in secular callings have been formally ordained to their office of "elders."

MISCELLANEOUS.—The income of the Church Missionary Society for the last financial year is understood to be the largest ever yet received.—The 15,000/- asked for to meet the urgent wants of the London Missionary Society has, it seems, been practically secured.—The Church of England Young Men's Society have made arrangements for a visit to Paris by members of that Society at a very moderate cost during the approaching Exhibition, from the beginning of June to the end of September.—The Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D., has been elected Chairman of the Congregational Union for the ensuing year.—The number of members of the Wesleyan Methodist Communion in Great Britain during the last year is, according to recent returns, 5,000 more than during the preceding year. They are at present exclusive of Ireland, 421,784.—The Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. A. J. Balfour, will be present at a *conversazione* in London of the Nonconformist Unionist Association on May 8th.



VERDI'S "OTELLO."—The prospectus for the twelve performances of *Otello*, to be given at the Lyceum between July 5th and 27th has now been issued by Mr. Mayer. The *prime donne* will be Madame Cataneo, who has already sung Desdemona at Milan, and Madame Gabbi, who, it will be recollect, appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre as Aida in 1881. Two of the tenors, Signori Gianini and Oxilia are already known here, and so also, of course, is M. Maurel, the original Iago. The most interesting feature of the performance, apart from the music of Verdi's latest opera itself, will, however, be the *début* in London of the distinguished Milan conductor, Signor Faccio, at the head of the orchestra and chorus of La Scala. The scenery will be expressly painted by the Milan artists, and the dresses, properties, &c., will likewise be furnished by the staff of that famous opera house.

DEATH OF SIR F. GORE-OUSELEY.—Sir Frederick Gore-Ouseley, Canon of Hereford, and Professor of Music at Oxford University, died suddenly in the streets of Hereford, of heart-disease, on Saturday. This gentleman was distinguished as a theoretical musician, rather than as a great composer; but he is also said to have been the finest player of extemporaneous organ fugues in Europe. His services at Oxford have extended over upwards of thirty years. The reforms he introduced at the University included a more stringent examination for degrees, a preliminary examination in general culture, and the establishment of an annual course of lectures. Moreover, he took a prominent part in musical matters in Oxford, and also in Hereford, and had established, mainly at his own expense, at St. Michael's College, Tenbury, a music school, at which a large number of boys have been educated and maintained. He wrote for the Clarendon Press a series of valuable treatises upon Harmony, Counterpoint, Fugue, and Form. In his own district he was highly popular, not only for his great musical gifts, but also for his amiability and courtesy. To the public at large he was not so well-known, partly owing to his retiring disposition, partly to the fact that, although he composed a large quantity of admirable Church music, his larger works, that is to say his oratorios, *St. Polycarp* and *Hagar*, were too strictly scholastic to be generally popular. Sir Frederick was born in London in August, 1825, and was the son of the late Sir Gore-Ouseley, Bart., the distinguished Orientalist, and formerly British Ambassador at the Courts of Russia and Persia.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.—The Popular Concert season will close on Monday next, and after the final performance a Stradivarius

The Prince of Wales returned to town on Saturday from staying with Earl Howe at Gopsall, Leicestershire. He was present at the Leicester Races each day, and came to town straight from the course. On Monday the Prince and Princess lunched with the Queen at Windsor. Owing to the Court mourning the Prince and Princess have remained in town this week, and after attending the Duchess of Cambridge's funeral to-day (Saturday), they will go to Sandringham next week. The Princess will lay the foundation stone of the New Hospital for Women in the Euston Road after Easter.

violin—but not the "Viotti" Strad, of which there has been so much talk of late—for which his admirers have subscribed, will be presented to Dr. Joachim. On Saturday the programme included Beethoven's "Razoumowsky" quartet in F, and Brahms' recent piano-forte trio in C minor, the latter admirably played by Dr. Joachim, Signor Fiatti, and Miss Fanny Davies. On Monday Joachim performed Bach's *Chaconne*, perhaps the most popular item of his repertory, and a work in which he practically has no superior. He was twice recalled, and then played two movements from the companion suite in E. The programme opened with Beethoven's posthumous quartet in B flat, and it included the *Sonata Appassionata*, performed by Madame Frickenhaus.—Two of Liszt's last pupils (Herr Stavenhagen and Mr. Frederic Lamond) have given recitals this week. The latter is a young Scotchman, born in 1863, and was once a pupil of Dr. von Bülow. He appeared in London three years ago, and showed great promise. Since then he has been touring about the Continent, and in Germany particularly he has achieved great fame. Herr Stavenhagen is now better known in England, where, thanks to his vigorous style and great ability, the advanced school of pianists are inclined to consider him almost the equal of Rubinstein. His programme on Monday comprised the "Moonlight" Sonata, the Sonata Op. 90, and a large selection of works by Chopin and Liszt, including Chopin's *Funeral March*, *Waltz* in D flat, and *Fantaisie Polonoise* in A flat, published in London in 1846, and Liszt's "Sonetto del Petrarca" and transcription of Paganini's *La Campanella*, the last by way of encore.—Mr. Harvey Löhr at his recital introduced several new works by himself and others.—Concerts have also been given by Mr. Walenn, violinist, Mr. De Lara (at whose recital Mrs. Bernard Beere appeared for the second time as a vocalist), Miss Agnes Zimmermann, and many others.

CHORAL CONCERTS.—We last week gave a description of M. Benoit's oratorio *Lucifer*. The composer was present at the Albert Hall performance, seated at the back of a box, and was so delighted that he promised to return to London to give a special concert of his own works at St. James's Hall on June 7th. *Lucifer* makes such great demands upon the chorus, that it was fortunate in having for its interpreters the Royal Choral Society, that is to say, the premier oratorio choir in London, who under Mr. Barnby sang this difficult music in admirable manner. The Belgian tenor, Mr. Hensler, was unfortunately ill, and was replaced by an amateur, M. De Bom, who sang the little song in the second part with great taste. Mr. Fontaine, the bass, has a very fine voice, but the star of the troupe undoubtedly was M. B'aauwaerts, who, we understand, has now been engaged by Madame Wagner for the part of Gurnemanz in *Parsifal* at Bayreuth.—At the Crystal Palace on Saturday, a creditable performance was given of Berlioz' *Faust*, with Mrs. Hutchinson, Messrs. Lloyd, Hilton, and Brereton in the chief parts.—Gounod's *Redemption* was performed on Saturday by the Popular Musical Union at Mile End, and drew 5,000 people.—On Monday the same oratorio was given at the Hampstead Conservatoire.—On Tuesday, Handel's *Saul*, with Mr. Ebenezer Prout's additional accompaniments was performed by Novello's choir. We dealt with this version of the work upon its performance on the final evening of last year's Birmingham Festival. It is now only necessary to add that the chief parts on Tuesday were undertaken by Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patay, Messrs. Piercy and Mills.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The appendix to Sir George Grove's "Dictionary of Musicians" will be issued in a few weeks. It has been edited by Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland, musical critic of the *Times*, and, besides numerous important articles, it will contain complete lists of the works of various living composers. A full index will follow later on.—Dr. Hubert Parry has been commissioned to compose an oratorio for next year's Norwich Festival.—Mr. Santley sailed for Australia last Friday.—Mr. Herkomer has just finished a portrait of Mr. Joseph Bennett, the well-known musical critic.—Madame Albani will sail from New York for England on the 11th prox.—The deaths are announced, aged 64, of Signor Vera, once a well known vocal teacher among the aristocracy, and in the late Earl Dudley's time accompanist at Dudley House; also, aged 61, of Madame de Vries, who sang at the Royal Italian Opera in 1850; and, also, aged 43, of Signor Monari Rocca, for many years a member of Mr. Mapleton's troupe at Drury Lane.



A NUMBER OF LEADING SOLICITORS, in town and country, are promoting a banquet to be given to the Attorney-General, after the Easter vacation, by that branch of the legal profession, in testimony of the respect and esteem with which he is regarded by its members. The chair will be taken by Mr. Gregory, many years M.P. for East Sussex.

THE SPECIAL COMMISSION.—Sir Charles Russell has been continuing this week what, although he is ostensibly counsel for Mr. Parnell solely, may be described as an elaborate *apologia* and manifesto of the Home Rule leaders. On Tuesday, he dealt with the Kilmainham imprisonment and Treaty, dilating on the genuineness of the horror expressed by the Home Rule chiefs at the Phoenix Park murders, horror so great on Mr. Parnell's part that he made at the time an offer to Mr. Gladstone to retire into private life. During the remainder of the day Sir Charles mainly endeavoured to prove that murders and other outrages perpetrated in Ireland were fewer, rather than more numerous, during the sway of the Land League than before its formation, that they were chiefly the outcome of resentment at the tyranny of Irish landlords, that in no case have they been proved to be committed at the instance of responsible members of the League, and that the Irish legislation, both of Liberal and Conservative Governments had been shaped beneficially for Ireland, solely through the constitutional negotiation of Mr. Parnell and his allies. During a part of Wednesday he pursued the same line of argument, closing, however, with a vindication of Mr. Parnell's sayings and doings in the United States. Sir Charles endeavoured to minimise the influence and numbers of the Clan-na-Gael, and maintained that in any case, whether in regard to this or to the other side of the Atlantic, Mr. Parnell was free from any suspicion of having ever allied himself to an unconstitutional or secret organisation.

CAN THE PUBLICATION OF A REPORT, its accuracy not being impugned, of the judgment delivered by a Judge, with or without that of the evidence, be validly made the basis of an action for libel? In a recent case, the House of Lords have dismissed an appeal against the decisions of several Courts below, in which an action for libel of the kind mentioned was decided against the plaintiff. But the Law Lords were careful to intimate that such a publication as that referred to is not necessarily privileged, and their decision in this particular case appears to have been influenced by peculiarities in the proceedings taken in the Courts below. The law of libel seems therefore to require some further amendment.

A SINGULARLY AFFECTIONATE feeling for his horses and dogs seems to have been entertained by a Mr. William Clapcott Dean, who bequeathed an annuity of no less than 750/- for fifty years, to be applied to keeping in care and comfort the eight horses and ponies (exclusive of cart horses), and the dogs which he left behind him in

stable and kennel respectively. The will coming before Mr. Justice North, one of the questions for his decision was whether the annuity being charged upon the testator's real estate, the bequest was not void under the Mortmain Acts. This question he decided in favour of the dumb objects of the testator's benevolence, holding that the bequest was not to a charity, but for the purpose of supporting particular horses and dogs. If it had been made, say to a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, it would, the Judge intimated, being chargeable on real estate, have been void in law.

JOTTINGS.—Newspaper censors of music-hall performances run considerable risk. A London special jury have mulcted the proprietor of the *Era* in 300/- damages, to which have to be added the costs, for the publication in that journal of a criticism charging with impropriety the performance of a dancing troupe at the Brighton Alhambra.—Canaries, it seems, are not the subject of larceny at common law, in the first place because they are not used for food, and in the second place because they are kept for "whim or pleasure." Accordingly, a prisoner charged at the Central Criminal Court with stealing fourteen live canaries was discharged by the Recorder. He might, however, have been tried under an Act of Parliament, and if found guilty been punished by a fine not exceeding 20/-—At the first meeting in bankruptcy of the creditors of Lord Francis Cecil, younger son of the Marquis of Exeter, the accounts furnished showed unsecured liabilities 21,132/- and assets 300/. He had incurred, it seems, large liabilities in connection with yachting.



THE Spanish stage, which used to be the unfailing source of plots ready to the hand of French, Italian, and, to some extent, English dramatists, seems, if we may judge from Mr. Malcolm Watson's *Calumny*, brought out at Mr. W. H. Griffith's *matinée* at the SHAFTEBURY last week, to offer in these days no great attraction to the adaptors. *Calumny* is an adaptation of *Il Gran Gallootto*, by Señor Echegaray, the most popular of living Spanish playwrights. Its story, however, which sets forth the old theme of unfounded jealousy in a rather lugubrious fashion, strikes one as inconsistent and weak in motive. Miss Wallis did all that seemed possible to win sympathy for the persecuted heroine.

"Where is Camelot?" asks a dramatic gossip, apropos of the statement that the scene of the forthcoming burlesque, *Lancelot the Lovely*, at the AVENUE, is to be partly in Camelot, and partly on Salisbury Plain. The question is not so easily answered as may be imagined by some of Lord Tennyson's readers. From the association of places, it seems that Mr. Richard-Henry adopts King Lear's topography, "If I had ye on Sarum Plain, I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot?" According to that great source of Arthurian legendary lore, Sir Thomas Mallory, Camelot was simply Winchester; but if the legends themselves can be trusted, it must have been near Padstow, where the Camel broadens to the sea; for when Sir Tristram sailed for Ireland from Tintagel, did not a tempest "drive him back to Camelot?"

Nine nights proved to be the limit of the run of Mr. Outram Tristram's ill-starred play, *The Panel Picture*, at the OPERA COMIQUE, in spite of Lady Monckton's acting, and Mr. Railton's noble set scene. As a consequence, clever little Miss Vera Beringer has been called to the rescue; and will appear henceforth in *Little Lord Fauntleroy* nightly, instead of in the daytime. The tax on the strength of one so young must be considerable.

"Prodigious" is, with the permission of Dominie Sampson, the only word wherewith to describe the Jubilee benefit of the Royal General Theatrical Fund at DRURY LANE on Thursday afternoon. A critic of the "stop-watch" order measured the programme, and found that its length was exactly two feet four inches.

When our theatres were wont to be closed throughout Passion Week by stringent order of the Lord Chamberlain, complaints were loud of that arbitrary act of authority; but now the fashion of closing of their own accord seems to be setting in. This certainly appears inconsistent, though, as somebody has said, even a man who is contemplating suicide might still object to being hanged. The LYCEUM, the ADELPHI, and the CRITERION will shut their doors after this (Saturday) evening, and will not reopen until the following Saturday.

Mr. John Coleman is the bold manager who undertakes to reopen the OLYMPIC at Easter. He will rely on a play of his own. Meanwhile the ST. JAMES'S which, in spite of circumstantial rumours to the contrary, will not enjoy either *The Monk's Room* or Mr. John Lart's company, remains without a tenant in the midst of the theatrical season.

The latter days of Mr. Wilson Barrett's engagement at the PRINCESS's preparatory to his approaching professional trip to the United States are to be devoted, according to custom, to brief revivals of old successes. Accordingly both *The Good Old Times* and *Nowadays* disappear from the bill after the present week. On Monday *The Silver King* will be revived for a limited period.

Lady managers appear to have fallen upon evil days. Mrs. Jodrell, who lately bestowed her name upon the NOVELTY Theatre in Long Acre, pleads for time to pay debts, on the ground of "severe pecuniary embarrassments" in connection with that theatre; and Miss Agnes Hewitt, late manager of the OLYMPIC, relates in the Bankruptcy Court a sad story of how she embarked, two years ago, in that enterprise with a capital of 3,500/-, and left it with "liabilities 6,448/- and assets nil."

It is satisfactory to note that the new County Councils appear to be looking after the convenience and safety of playgoers. Mr. Iliffe's new theatre, the GARRICK, now approaching completion, has only been approved after certain alterations had been suggested and duly carried out; and the GLOBE Theatre has received notice to remove certain obstructions in the pit entrance. The latter fact tends to support the complaints of the enraged pitites on the first night of Mr. Mansfield's revival of *Richard III*.

Two men, father and son, have been convicted at the Circuit Court, Dundee, of the offence of having wilfully set fire to the Theatre Royal, Kirkcaldy, with a view to cheat an insurance company. Prisoners' counsel admitted that the theatre was "set fire to in order to raise money," but he added that this was done "without endangering human life." Nevertheless, the elder prisoner has been sentenced to five years' and the younger to nine months' imprisonment.

Miss Bessie Hatton, whose impersonation of the young Prince of Wales in Mr. Mansfield's revival of *Richard III*, has been so much commended, is the youngest daughter of Mr. Joseph Hatton, the popular novelist and journalist. She was a pupil of the late Mrs. Chippendale.

A fireman, who had been lately suddenly dismissed, after being employed at COVENT GARDEN Theatre for fourteen years without complaint, has summoned the management for 31,10s., in lieu of notice. The defence was that the acting-manager found him absent from duty between nine and ten o'clock in the evening. On the part of the fireman the excuse was that he had "only gone to a neighbouring public-house to get some supper;" but the Judge of

the County Court took the sensible view, that "the neighbouring public-house" was not the proper place for the fireman of Covent Garden Theatre during his hours of duty.

Mr. Mayer's Company at the ROYALTY, which now includes M. and Madame Feuvre, Mdlle. Reichenberg, M. Boucher, and Mdlle. Du Minil, have appeared during the current week in *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*, *L'Ami Fritz*, and *Tartuffe*.

The Silver Falls at the ADELPHI has not, as the Americans say, "caught on." Some recent romantic dramas at this prosperous house have run for eighteen or nineteen months, whereas this latest production of the class, though only brought out last Christmas, is to be played for the last time to-night. The theatre will remain closed till Saturday next, when it will re-open with a revival of *Harbour Lights*.

Mr. Henry Russell, whose name will awaken in the minds of the middle-aged reminiscences of "Cheer Boys Cheer" and "The Ship on Fire," is still in the land of the living, and we are glad to add, is reported to be cheerful and active, though "well on in his seventies." Mr. Russell is writing his reminiscences. Meanwhile Mr. Walter Goodman has been painting his portrait.

The Czar is said to take a warm interest in the new theatre which is to be built on the Champ de Mars, in St. Petersburg. It will take three years to complete the building. The interior will be lighted by electricity throughout. All decorations and scenery will be varnished with asbestos.

As changes of purpose are not unknown in the theatrical world, it may be well to note that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's comedy drama entitled *Wealth* is definitively announced to take the place of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *The Balladmonger* at the HAYMARKET, on Easter Monday.



THE SEASON.—The woods are no longer so bare-looking as a fortnight ago, and there is promise, if not presence, of spring in the streets in the form of bunches of primroses, plentiful enough to be sold at a penny. The hot-house hyacinth is now supported by the harder daffodil, and in a few southern gardens the narcissus is out. Farmers are rejoicing over their flocks, to which March made many welcome additions in an unusually abundant fall of lambs. The aspect of the autumn-sown wheat leaves little to desire, for it is close and thick, and not at all forward, and the colour, that important index to healthy growth, is as good and full and clear as we have ever seen it. The rainfall of March was not very high, but it exceeded that of January or February, owing to the three days of flooding downpour which occurred early in the month. The night frosts were valuable as helping to produce a good friable tilth, which barley-sowers especially appreciate. With reference to the cuckoo and the date of its arrival in different counties, Mr. H. Evershed writes, "The cuckoo and nightingale usually arrive in Sussex on April 13th, and begin to sing on the first fine warm day, and in the night when warm. For more than one hundred and fifty years, children have been told that an old woman turns these birds out of her basket at Heathfield Fair every year on April 13th—the same old woman. The young people believe the story as long as they can, and hand it down, and it serves to mark dates correctly."

EARLY SOWING.—says Professor Wrightson, is of vast importance with the mangel crop, and any time after April comes on it may be seeded with advantage. Perhaps the most ordinary period of the year for this work is about April 20th, but tons extra per acre will be obtained by being a fortnight earlier than this date. In every district it may be noted that the most respected and most prominent agriculturists are early in their work. To be early in commencing harvest; early in ripening up the stubbles; early in sowing wheat, vetches, and all fodder crops; early in barley and oat sowing; early in mangel sowing and in swede-sowing; early in getting in a piece of rape or turnips, for early autumn keep; all these are excellent aims, which the progressive farmer should have in his mind.

THREE AGRICULTURAL BILLS have recently passed their second reading in the House of Commons. The first is the Weights and Measures Bill, which chiefly relates to the inspection and verification of weighing instruments, and weights and measures, and to the sale of coal. The second is the Agricultural Holdings (Scotland) Bill, which greatly simplifies and cheapens proceedings in cases of dispute between landlord and tenant. The last is a measure for regulating the sale of horseflesh as human food. It requires the registration of every horseflesh shop, and the presentation of a label, on which the word "horseflesh" is legibly printed, to every purchaser.

BARLEY in 1888, according to a Government return recently issued, was sold in the largest quantities at the following towns:—Norwich, 175,655 qrs.; Berwick, 83,284 qrs.; Lincoln, 70,944 qrs.; Bury St. Edmunds, 64,604 qrs.; Ipswich, 54,330 qrs.; Chelmsford, 52,800 qrs.; London, 51,921 qrs.; Burton, 51,371 qrs.; Fakenham, 45,761 qrs.; Colchester, 38,448 qrs.; Salisbury, 37,960; Bishops Stortford, 37,478 qrs.; and Leeds, 30,896 qrs. These sales are of British barley exclusively. Of foreign barley a million qrs. are sold yearly in London alone.

DORSET.—At the Dorset Quarter Sessions it was decided to remove the restrictions which have been in force for some months prohibiting the movement of cattle from Somerset into Dorset, it appearing there had been no fresh outbreaks of pleuro in Somerset for several months, and that much inconvenience was caused by the continuance of the regulations. It was resolved to declare the county open from the 1st April, and it is expected that the Quarter Sessions of Somerset will follow the example, and open their county to stock from Dorset from 1st May.

CLOVER SEED may be drilled at the time of sowing barley, but perhaps a better plan is to sow it broadcast by means of a hand barrow after the barley is up, and then have it rolled in with a light roller. Some of the best clover seed obtainable is grown in Essex and Suffolk, while Somerset also has an excellent reputation in this respect. A very fine clover seed comes from the north of France, but much of the Southern French and of the American clover seed is not suited to our climate, and yields but poorly. Farmers therefore should be careful in their selection of this seed, and confine their custom to known houses.

HORSES.—The Twenty-Sixth Annual Show of Horses at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, will be held on June 8th, and will remain open for a week. The prize list is a very liberal one, and there are a number of new classes. Mr. Leeds and Mr. Gilbey are managers in whom exhibitors will have full confidence. Earlier in the season, on May 15th and five following days, a big Horse Show is to be held at Olympia under the patronage of Lord Alfred Fitzroy and Lord Alexander Paget. Full particulars will be forthcoming by Easter.

COUNTRY COTTAGES.—The unsanitary state of our rural villages is too much overlooked by reformers with whom urban "slumming" has become a fashionable recreation. There is, however, more than a grain of sense in the remark of a medical paper

Native Huts

U.S. Ship Adams

Native Huts

The Town of Apia

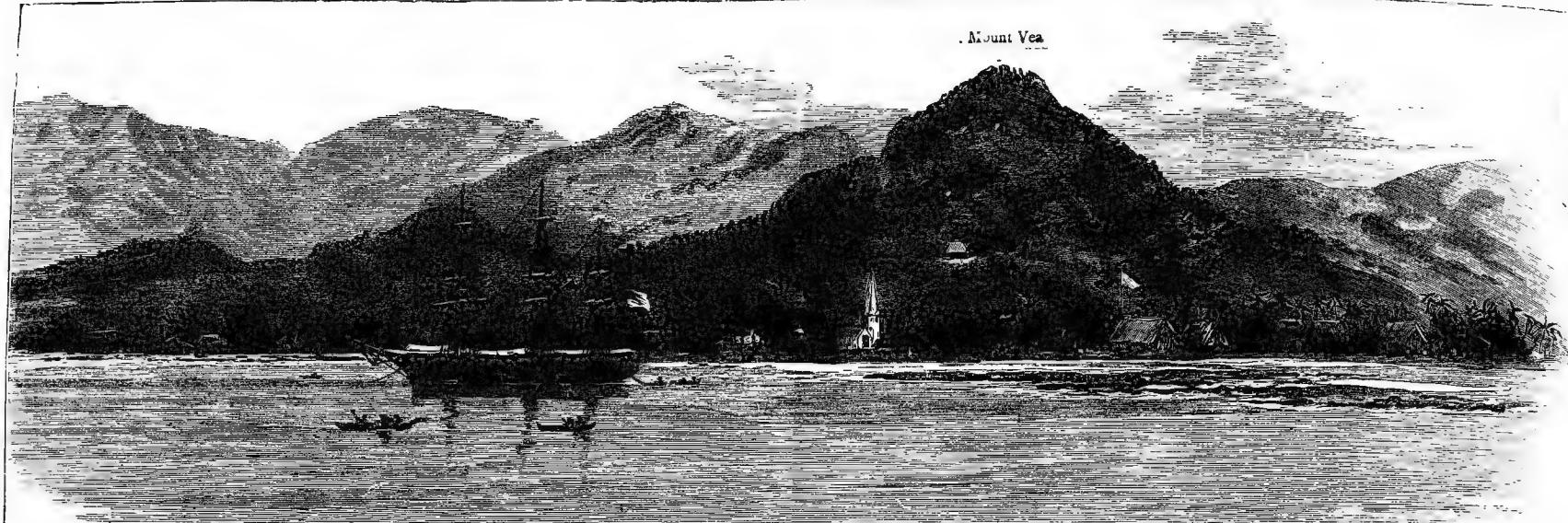
R.-Catholic Church

R.-Catholic Mission

Coral Reef

German Houses

Mount Vea



THE RECENT HURRICANE IN SAMOA

APIA, THE CAPITAL OF SAMOA, ON THE REEF OUTSIDE WHICH THE VESSELS OF THE AMERICAN AND GERMAN SQUADRONS WERE WRECKED
From a sketch by an Officer of H.M.S. *Calliope*, the only ship which weathered the storm

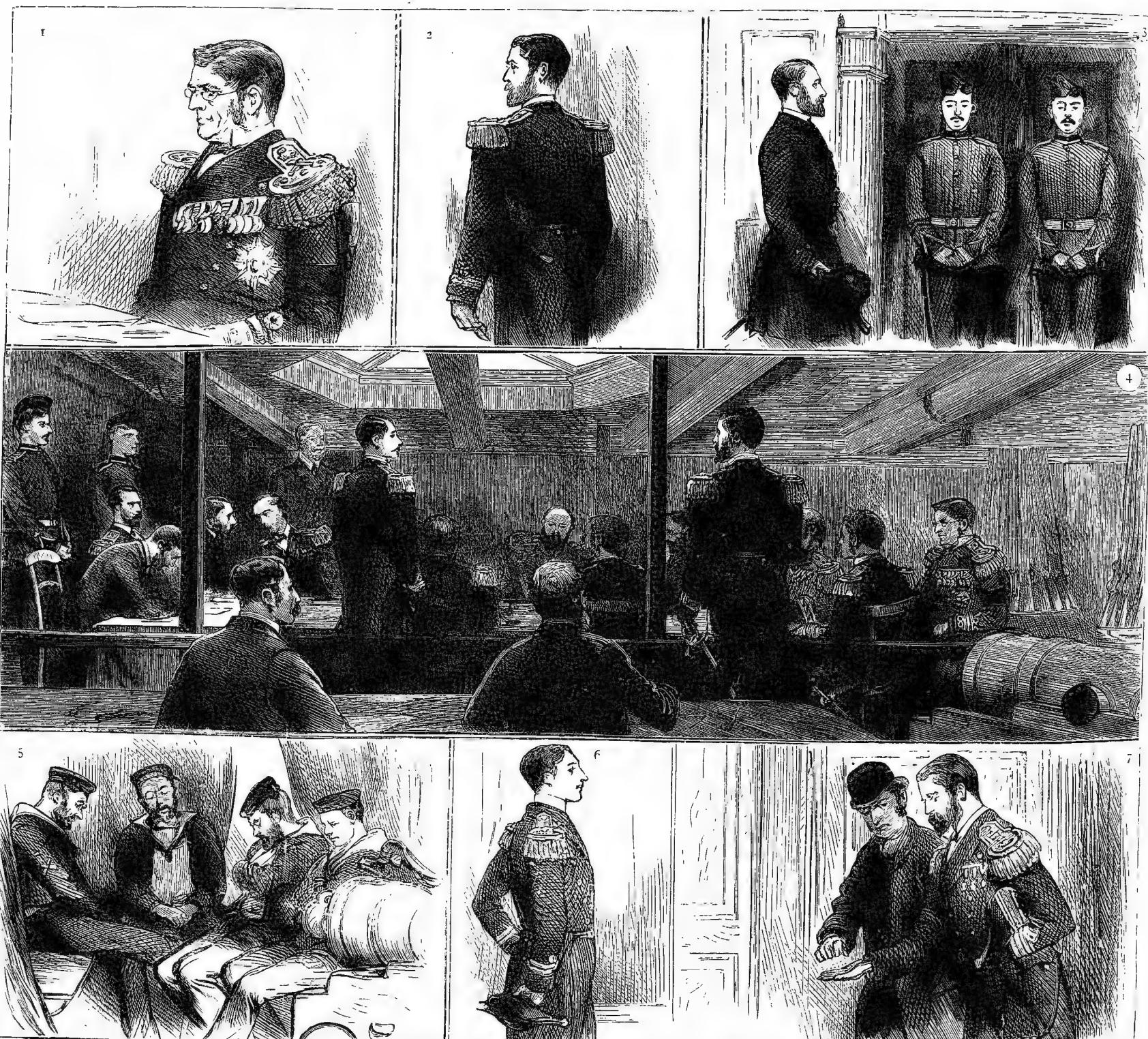
THE NAVAL DISASTER IN SAMOA

VIEW OF APIA

LAST week we gave an account of the wreck of three German and three American men-of-war, during a hurricane on March 16th, and now illustrate the scene of the disaster, the port of Apia, in the island of Upolu. This island is the principal of the dozen which form the Samoan group, and was the residence of the late King. It is about thirty-two miles long, and ten miles in width, and is surrounded by an almost continuous girdle of coral reefs. A large break, however, occurs opposite Apia, which is situated on the northern

side of the island, and thus possesses an admirable harbour with a well-defined promontory or high land to the west, and another projection lower in height, and fringed with reefs to the east. Another series of low reefs, covered at high water, bisects the harbour irregularly, and forms a kind of pier to which at times ships lay out a stern-anchor to prevent their swinging. The whole bay is surrounded by native villages, and on the western promontory, and on the banks of a small river running at its base, lie the German settlements, the British Consulate, and the King's dwellings. There it was, remarks a writer in the *St. James's Gazette*, who has written an interesting account of the town, that the German

men-of-war landed their small-arms parties the other day—off this shore no doubt their vessels lay at anchor. The American Consulate was located more in the middle of the bay, near some French and German houses and the hospital. If the United States vessels were close in shore there, their loss was hardly to be marvelled at, any more than that of the German men-of-war, when their proximity to the reefs are considered.—Our illustration is from a sketch taken, of course, long before the catastrophe, by an officer of H.M.S. *Calliope*, which escaped through standing out to sea, and through the admirable seamanship of her commander.



1. The President

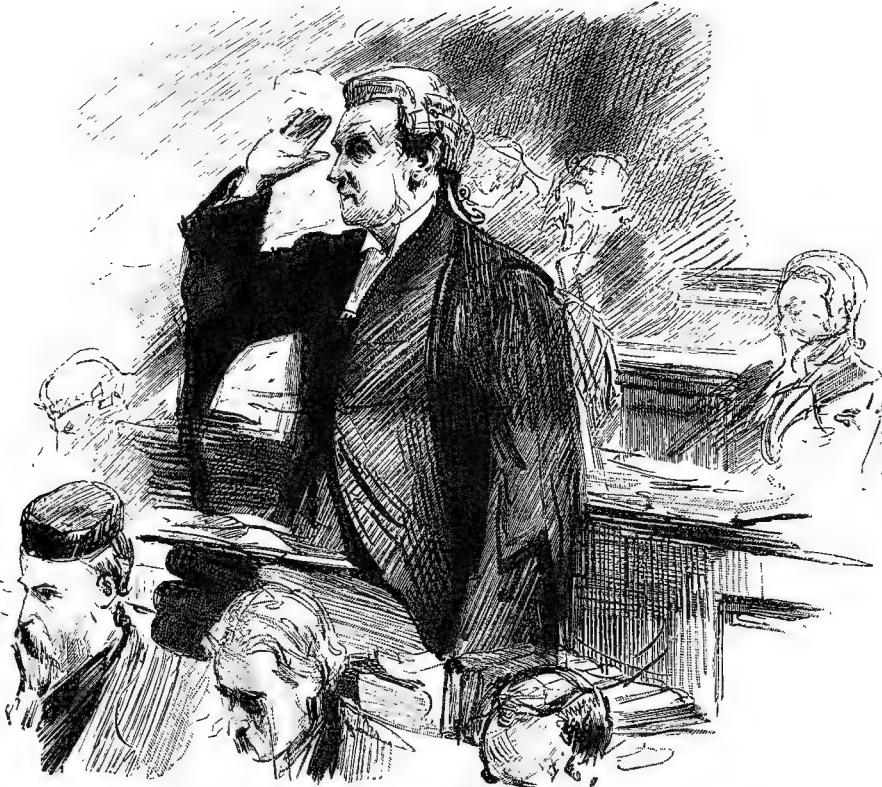
2. "The Court is Open"

3. The Court Closed

7. Responsibility: The Accused (Capt. Ernest Rice) with his friend Admiral Colomb

5. Irresponsibility

6. A Witness



Sir Charles Russell opens his speech; Mr. Parnell sitting below him :
"The Uncrowned King of Ireland" crowned at last



Sir C. Russell accepts a refresher : "I want to get to
the bottom of this"



Mr. Ronan, of the Irish Bar, one of the Counsel for
the "Times"



Mr. Frederic Harrison



Mrs. Gladstone



Sir Charles Russell waxes pathetic : The Attorney-General and Sir Henry
James read "Punch" to keep up their spirits



An English and a Colonial Judge listen to Sir Charles
Russell—Mr. Justice Mathew and Sir J. G. L. Innes,
of New South Wales



An Outburst of Volcanic Fire—Sir Charles Russell : "My Lords, what a contemptible case of wretched shreds and patches has been presented to you ! Will the Attorney-General apologise for this attack on the character of his colleagues in the House—a character as dear to them as his is to the Attorney-General ? The Attorney-General has acted on instructions ; but what instructions ; where are they ?"

of last Saturday when it asks:—"Did ever any one hear of men rearing cattle or animals of any kind for exhibition purposes, who did not, as the very first condition of success, seek pure air, pure water, and plenty of country exercise for their pets, and surely it is most important for this country that we should obtain equally good conditions for the working-classes as we secure for the animals we delight to rear with the object of getting prizes?"

THE CUMBERLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY have resolved on contesting before the Board of Trade the proposed classification made by the railway companies. A curious example of the inequality of railway rates has come to light in Yorkshire, where nine fat cattle are conveyed to market, Leeds or Wakefield, at the same cost as forty fat sheep, though the cattle weigh 450 stone, and the sheep only 240 stone.

THE DAIRY FARMER has still much to learn, if we can believe the assurance of Professor Long that not less than one-half the butter contained in milk is often lost in the process of skimming and churning, and, in consequence of the imperfect ripening of the cream. Ripened cream makes more butter than sweet cream. It is perceptibly sour owing to the conversion of the sugar of the milk into lactic acid by contact with the air. Sweet cream gives 14 lb. and sour cream 17 lb. of butter from an equal quantity. Sweet and ripened cream should not be mixed together, as the mixture does not churn well. Cows tested at the London Dairy Show have yielded more than 4 per cent. of butter in their milk, and by careful selection the yield of ordinary cows might be greatly increased.

THE ASHBOURNE ACT.—Two farmers' societies in Scotland have been discussing the Ashbourne Act. One club resolved to petition the Government to extend the Act to Scotland, but the other rejected the Act, and resolved instead that a vote of money for the promotion of agriculture was expedient in the present crisis.

AMONG THE CURIOSITIES of the season may be mentioned the birth of five lambs from one ewe at Mr. Barron's farm near Savock, on Sunday last; and a poor man, resident at Ardmore, near Youghal, who had five sheep given him last year, has had seventeen lambs from them, two sets of four and three of three, all living.

STOCKING OUT, or tillering of the wheat crop, which should now take place, depends much upon the amount of light from the sky. Warmth and showers, of course, are favourable to the plant, but light is also necessary to strengthen it, so as to give it vigour to throw out a dozen or more stems. What is called a "glad, bright day" in April greatly improves crop prospects.



III.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY opens with "Agnosticism: A Rejoinder," a spirited and trenchant criticism, by Professor Huxley, on recent controversial writings in this review from the pens of the Principal of King's College and of the Bishop of Peterborough.—If the new Central Municipality for the Metropolis only carries out one half of the programme sketched out for it by the Earl of Meath (Alderman) in "Work for the London Council," we shall not have long to wait for a capital at once more beautiful and more healthy. Two of his suggestions are notably excellent. One is for subsidised bands for public places. "Good music" his lordship observes "produces for a time a sense of physical happiness, and that happiness in mankind is conducive to health. . . . There are many modes in which the ratepayers' money is now expended, far less able to stand the test of argument and of common sense, than would be the annual appropriation by the London County Council of a sum of money to defray the comparatively trifling expense, during the summer months, of providing first-class music in the parks for the benefit of the public. Lord Meath also holds that the parks instead of being left, as now, in outer darkness at night, and as the haunts of all that is vile, should be illuminated by the electric light, so that it would be as safe for respectable men and women to traverse these spaces after dark, as it is for them now to pass along the most frequented thoroughfares.—The Rev. H. Sidebotham gives some striking reasons for not establishing an English Church

at "Monte Carlo."—A Suggestion or Emigrants, is a sensible paper, by the Marquis of Lorne. While in "Are Twelve Millions per Annum Wasted in the Sea?" Mr. Thomas Scrutton contests certain facts and figures, for which Mr. Samuel Plimsoll lately made himself responsible.

In the Fortnightly Review Sir Charles Dilke concludes his valuable and exceedingly interesting paper on "The Baluch and Afghan Frontiers of India." Mr. H. H. Johnston in "Are our Foreign Missions a Success?" deserves reading. He strongly believes in that "pony trap" missionary, of whom Canon Taylor is somewhat scornful. "Uncivilised man," he observes, "being peculiarly imitative, admires all that is strange and new. The intelligent native impressed by the aspect of the higher life presented to him by the civilised man who comes to reside in his midst in a European manner, in a European style of house, living decently and affectionately with one wife, and perhaps with well-cared for, well-educated children, will be strongly inclined to shape his own life after this better fashion. He too will aspire to wear a frock-coat, boots and trousers, and to drive about in a pony trap, and to attain this end he will readily avail himself of instruction to develop all the sources of profitable trade that may be hidden in his native land. Other articles of note are "Alfred De Musset," the first of a series by M. Arsène Houssaye, "Cowardly Agnosticism," by Mr. W. H. Mallock, and "Ethics and Religion," by Professor Seeley. We may also mention "The Enfranchisement of Women," by Mrs. Fawcett, and "The Proposed Subjection of Man," by Mr. J. S. Stuart Glennie.

The frontispiece of the Art Journal is an engraving from Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's striking and well-known picture of "Niobe." Another effective full-page illustration is an engraving from Mr. John Pettie's picture of "A Sword and Dagger Fight." We can also commend Miss Alice Meynell's illustrated descriptive paper, "Newlyn."

There is a very bright, pleasant little sketch in Lippincott, of a certain type of Parisian Society at the time of the Franco-German War, entitled "Two Nights in Bohemia."

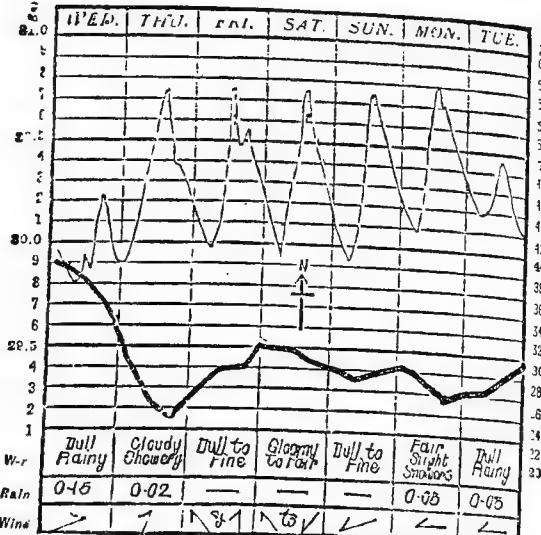
In Time, under the heading, "In Ninety-Eight," Mr. H. W. Lucy writes an amusing essay on the manners and ways of a by-gone day, suggested by a copy of the Times for Wednesday, October 3rd, 1798.

We have also received the Church Monthly, edited by Frederick Sherlock; Night and Day, edited by Dr. Barnardo; Hand and Heart and the Day of Days, edited by the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D.; the Fireside, the Library, the Gentleman's Magazine, Belgravia, the Argosy, the Child's Companion, Home Words, Art and Literature, London Society, All The Year Round, the Church Sunday School Magazine, the Boys' and Girls' Companion, and Home Chimes, which considerations of space prevent us from further noticing.

PHONOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.—Although the phonograph has become a frequent fixture at bazaars, scientific gatherings, and receptions, both public and private, yet, as compared with the scores of persons who have witnessed its powers, there are hundreds, nay, thousands, who have only heard of it. For example, Colonel Gouraud, Mr. Edison's agent, informed us the other day that he received at least fifty letters *per diem* asking permission to see the phonograph at work. In order, therefore, to save himself trouble, and to gratify a laudable and natural curiosity on the part of the public, Colonel Gouraud has opened a Phonographic Exhibition at the Gainsborough Gallery, 25, Old Bond Street, W. This is well worthy of a visit, for even those who are well acquainted with phonographic apparatus will find much to interest them, as they will see the very latest form of Mr. Edison's invention, which is worked by a treadle, in place of an electric motor, and which delivers sounds with a wonderful clearness of intonation. As for the uninitiated, they will be both delighted and astonished when the acoustical trumpet repeats, so as to be perfectly audible over the whole of a spacious room, Mr. Coborn's "Two Lovely Black Eyes" in half a-dozen languages, or Colonel Gouraud's clever recitation of a poem which celebrates the powers of the phonograph, or a duet between two cornets, or the discordant harmonies of a German street band. Still more remarkable is the effect when a pair of india-bass tubes are placed in the ears. Then one hears a powerful bass-singer rolling out his notes as if he were only half a dozen paces off, whereas, in reality, the said notes were bottled up in the waxen cylinder weeks before.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, APRIL 9, 1889.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (9th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period was unsettled and showery generally, while temperature was, at one time, decidedly low. At the beginning of the period pressure was highest over France and the extreme North, while it was lowest over Denmark, and in the North-West of our Islands. The weather was dull and rainy in most places, with snow in the West of Scotland, and over Central and Eastern England. In the course of the next three days, Thursday to Saturday (4th to 6th inst.), a somewhat course to the Continent, and, during its prevalence in our neighbourhood, caused strong Northerly winds over the Western half of the country, and fresh Southerly breezes elsewhere, with dull, rainy weather in most places, which extended from the Southern half of Ireland in a South-East direction to the Continent, and while some improvement in temperature was observed with fine weather locally, showers still continued to fall in most places, and conditions remained very unsettled generally. The highest temperatures, which occurred at the close of the week over the South and East of England, did not exceed 56°, while the lowest, which were recorded during the first part of the time, showed slight frost in the North and North-East.

The barometer was highest (29.93 inches) on Wednesday (3rd inst.); lowest (29.20 inches) on Thursday (4th inst.); range 0.73 inch.

The temperature was highest (56°) on Monday (8th inst.); lowest (37°) on Wednesday (3rd inst.); range 19°.

Rain fell on four days. Total amount 0.27 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.15 inch on Wednesday (3rd inst.).

SUNDRIES.—Mr. Arthur Ackermann, of 191, Regent Street has sent us a packet of Prang's American cards for Easter. The designs, consisting of appropriate floral and figure subjects, are artistic and tasteful, and the colouring is effective, whilst the words in every case are suitable to the occasion. In point of merit, the cards of a juvenile character bear the palm.—We have received from the Oxford University Press, Amen Corner, E.C., a selection of their latest issues of Oxford Prayer Books bound with the new edition of Hymns, Ancient and Modern, including various sizes and styles of binding. The "Ruby" series contains a facsimile of Holman Hunt's picture of "The Light of the World" as a frontispiece, reproduced by photogravure, whilst the Prayer Books in long primer and pearl type are new sizes, and published for the first time.

DEATH.

STAPLES.—On the 29th ult., at 9, Alma Terrace, Thornhill Road, Barnsbury N., Mr. GEORGE STAPLES, aged 67.

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See Illustration of H.M.S. "Sanspareil," Illustrated London News, March 16, 1889, pages 325 and 326.
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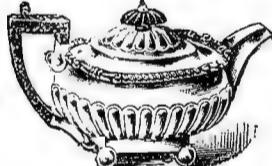
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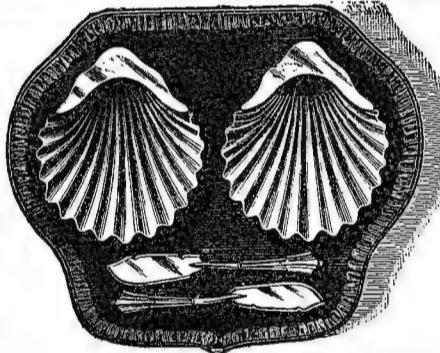
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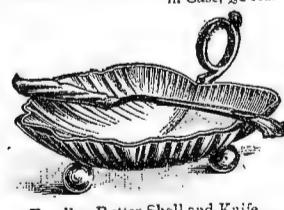
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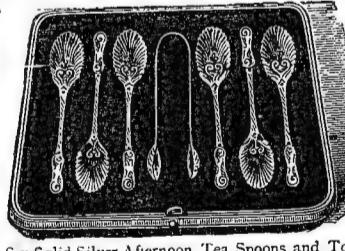
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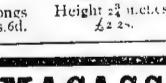


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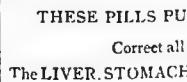
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IN FOUR PARTS.—PART III.

AYAH! And must I go on telling you still the events of my life? Are you not weary of all this talk, talk, talk? It is strange how all the little things I have seen and done come back to my memory as I sit and converse with you. Think not that I am telling you lies. I speak the truth. Allah yashud!—may God bear witness! What was I saying yesterday, when I left off? Was it not about my Pulo master, old Nyebbu? Yes, now I remember, I was speaking of his house. It was a jolie built much in the fashion of the Arabs in Murzuk or Tarabulus, only not so fine, because it was nearer to the land of the pagans, and, moreover, like all our houses in the Blacks' country, it was built of clay, not stone. We passed through a narrow door opening on to the street,

the young Marghi girl, who had managed to get out of the harim, came to my side with a knife and cut my bonds, and then bade me run away if I wished to remain a man, and hide until my master's wrath had spent itself. This I needed no second bidding to do, and, sore as I was with my beating, I crept cautiously to the gateway of the courtyard, and putting aside the beam, and opening the wooden door noiselessly, I fled into the town.

Before it was yet light I had hidden in one of the masajid (mosques), and waited until daylight. Then I made for one of the gates of the town, thinking to pass out into the country and hide in the bush for awhile; but the soldiers who stood at the gates would not let me pass, seeing me naked and my back all bloody, and suspecting me to be a runaway slave. When I told them what had happened to me, disfiguring such of my tale as would make them think I had been justly punished, they took pity on me, and one of their number said he would take me to the great Sultan of the town—the Amir of Yakuba—and as I limped alongside of this soldier, who was on horseback, my heart quaked within me, for I said to myself, "Surely the Amir is a great man, and will know the truth, and will return me to my master!" But I dared not run away from the soldier, lest worse should befall me. And when the soldier dismounted and led me into the Sultan's palace, I could not feel my feet touch the ground, such was the fear and awe that possessed me. After a while life came back to me, and I lifted up my eyes, and looked up at the Sultan when my companion nudged me.

He was a tall Pulo, with a yellow face marked with small-pox, and with a thick, black beard. Below his eyes was a thin blue veil covering his nose, mouth, and chin, and falling over his breast, so that when he spoke his voice sounded far away and muffled. The soldier told him my tale, and he listened attentively, and then addressed me with somewhat of kindness, saying that he would inquire further into the matter when he had leisure. He then told the soldier to take me away, to wash my wounds, and clothe me in a taub and a turban, and to give me food, and bring me back towards eventide, when the Sultan should have returned from his prayers at the masjid.

At eventide, then, the Sultan saw me again, and this time my heart was strengthened, for I was clothed in a fine new blue taub and a clean white turban, and my belly was full with maize-porridge, and I thought myself a fine fellow and a regular Muslim; and the Sultan made me tell him all my history, from the time when I was captured by the Fulbe, and especially he asked me many questions about my Pulo master, old Nyebbu, inquiring about his wealth, and how much ivory he had, and how many slaves and guns, and asking me to tell him everything I knew. And when I had answered as near as I could all these questions, and seeing from his manner that the Sultan seemed rather jealous of Nyebbu, a "Shaitan" (evil spirit) put it into my heart to tell lies that should hurt my master; and I told the Sultan I had heard Nyebbu say many times that he was the greatest man in Yakuba, and that when the right day came he would depose the Amir and make himself Sultan in his stead, and that he had sent a great present to the Amir-al-Mumenin at Sakatu to gain his favour, so that he might win him over to his side.

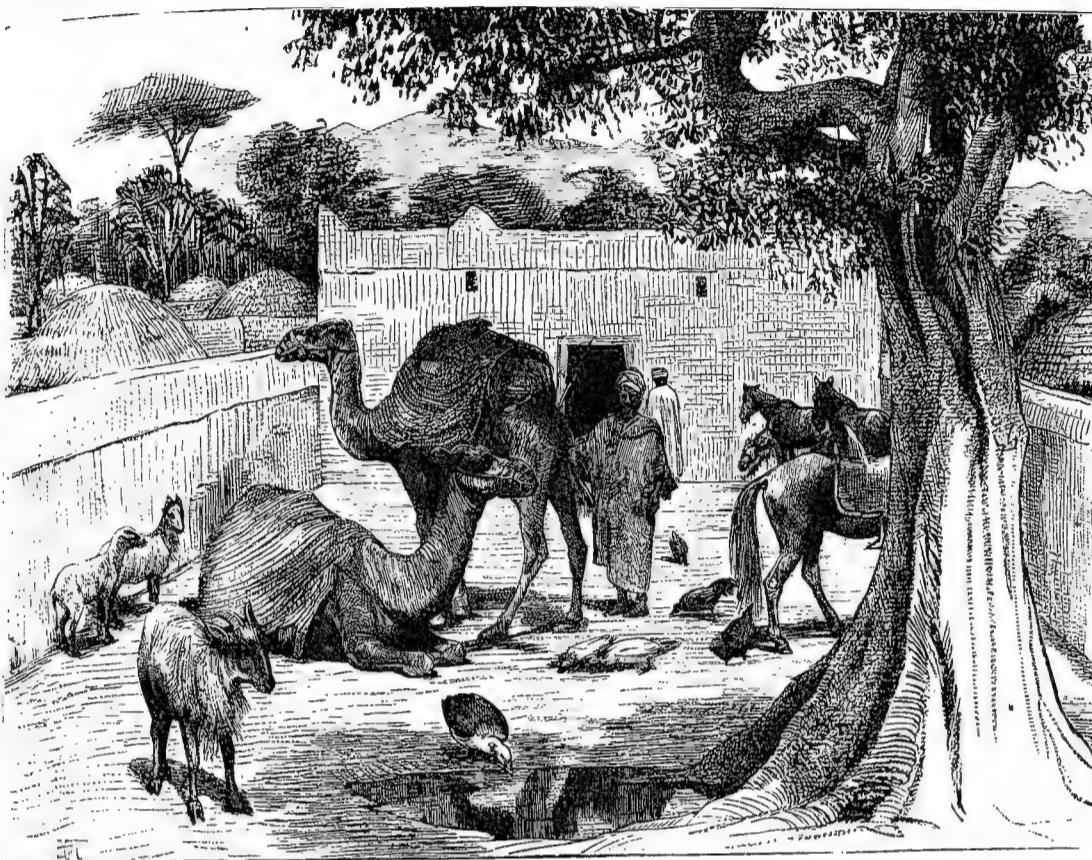
And these latter words were not altogether a lie, for I had seen my master despatch this present to Wurno, but with what purpose I do not know. And after I had finished talking I could see that the Sultan was in a mighty rage against my master, for his eyes blazed, and by pulling at his veil with his hands he tore it. When I had done talking he said nothing, but dismissed me, and told me to return to the soldiers in the courtyard, who would feed me and treat me well; but on no account was I to leave his palace, or he would have me killed.

The next day a messenger came to fetch me to the palace of the Sultan of Yakuba, and when I arrived there and arose from touching the ground with my forehead, I saw standing in the corner of the diwan my Pulo master, who had two guards on either side of him, with drawn swords: his hands were tied together behind his back, and he looked in a sorry plight, with his clothes torn, and his face bloody where some soldier had struck him in arresting him. When his eyes met mine, they lit up with wrath, but he said nothing, and I, knowing myself to be in favour with the Sultan, met his gaze proudly, arranged my new turban, and smoothed down the folds of my new taub so that he might see I was now in good circumstances. The Sultan was sitting on his carpet smoking a water-pipe. His executioner, a tall Kanuri man with a red fez, naked to the waist, and having a great red cloth round his loins, stood by the Sultan's side with a drawn sword. When I had remained there waiting for some few moments, the Sultan removed the mouthpiece of the pipe from his lips and said:—

"Repeat now the charges thou didst bring yesterday against thy master Nyebbu, and if thou shouldst have lied to me, and I find it out, I shall know how to deal with thee."

Then my heart waxed faint within me lest the Sultan should of his wisdom discover the lies I had told, but I plucked up courage, thinking that it was only my word against my master's, and that the latter was jealously regarded by the Sultan, and I resolved to tell the same tale as I had related the day before.

When I had finished, the Sultan turned to my master and said:—"Thou hast heard the words of this slave, O Nyebbu! What hast thou to say in thy defence?"



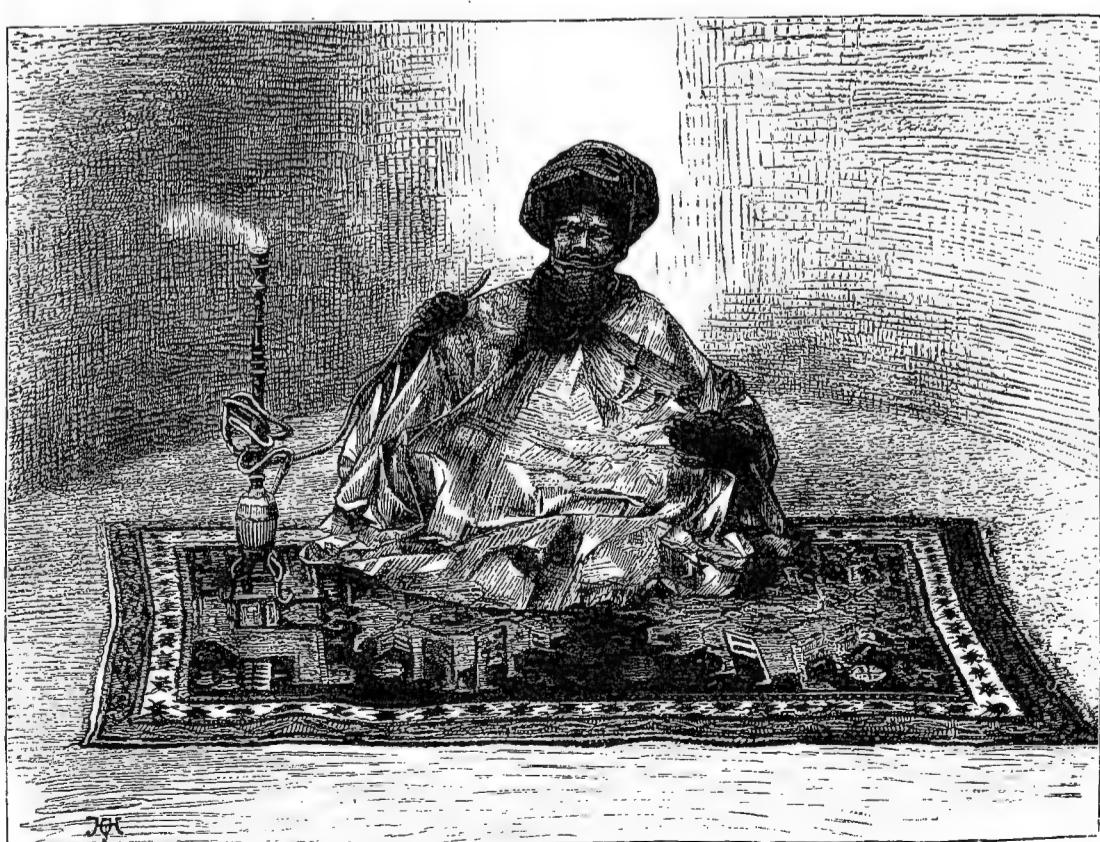
"In this court the camels and horses of my master were tethered, and there were many ducks and fowls, and a few sheep."

and came into a big courtyard, round which ran a high clay wall. Inside the courtyard were two or three tamarind trees and sycomores, under which there was a refreshing shade. In this court the camels and horses of my master were tethered, and there were many ducks and fowls, and a few sheep. On the other side of the court, opposite to where we had entered, was a high wall which screened the house beyond, and another archway in the middle of the wall which was closed with a great wooden door. This my master pushed open, and led me after him into his diwan, a large cool room with small windows high up, and seats of clay running all round the sides, on which tanned goat-skins and handsome carpets and silk cushions were placed. My master instructed me as to my duties, which were to attend on himself, to prepare his snuff or his pipe, and to make his coffee or his *tshai* (tea), which he bought from the Maghrabi merchants, and to run his errands, and to keep his diwan clean. When he was laid down to rest and had fallen to sleep in the heat of the day, I stood up on the clay couches and looked through the small windows near the top of the walls, and through these I could see into the inner court of the house which belonged to the harim of my master, where his wives and women slaves dwelt. Now the Fulbe, although they are Muslemin, are not jealous of their women as are the Arabs, neither are the women allowed as much freedom as they were in our country of Mbudikum, so that whereas my master was displeased if I entered the court and part of the house set apart for his harim, still, he paid little heed if his wives or women slaves conversed with me when we should meet outside in the greater court, or if I should encounter them in the bazaar of the town. Indee he would sometimes send me a-trading to the "Dakakin" (shops) in company with his head wife and some of her women, in order that I might assist them in carrying home some of the things they bought. And in this way I became acquainted with a woman slave of the name of Erega, belonging to the Marghi tribe. And there sprang up a love between us, and we sought many opportunities of meeting in secret, and this the head wife found out and told my master, who was exceedingly wroth, and vowed that he would punish me. He had me tied to a stake and flogged on the back until I fainted; and to another stake the Marghi girl was also tied, and would have been flogged, but that she swore by God and the Earth that no harm had passed between us (which was a lie), and that the head wife had only accused her out of jealousy; and as she was a comely girl, and a favourite with the old Pulo, he was inclined to believe her, and she was released; but he said that on the morrow he would sell me to the slave dealers who would take me to the land of the Turks.

And all that night I remained tied by my wrists to the post where I had been flogged; but just before the dawn, when every one was sleeping soundly,



"His executioner, a tall Kanuri man with a red turban, naked to the waist, stood by with a drawn sword."



"The Sultan was sitting on his carpet smoking a water-pipe"



"And his head was stuck on a post, and the body we dragged about the town by the legs"

And my master replied, his voice shaking with anger, "It is a cunning mixture of truth and lies which the slave has told, O Sultan. This and this is true, but that and that is false. It is true that I have sent ivory to thy liege lord the Amir-al-Mumenin, as a compliment, but it is less than the present I gave thee. It is false that the thought ever entered my heart, or the words ever passed my lips, that I wished to conspire against thy power or make myself Sultan in thy stead. It is true that I gave this dog a flogging, and that I intended to sell him to the Turks; and I blame myself only that my heart was soft, and that, for the offence he committed, I did not have him killed outright. Now I take Allah to witness that I have not sinned in aught against my allegiance to thee and thy rule, and I pray thee, as a just man, and one fearing God, to release me from my bonds, and hand over to me for punishment this lying slave. Thou hast the power to do me to death, I know, but assuredly Allah and the Amir-al-Mumenin, thy lord, will require my blood at thy hands."

When he had ceased speaking, the Sultan rose in wrath, and called out to those of his guards and courtiers who were around him, "Is not this man self-condemned? Do you not hear the proud fashion in which he talks? What care I for the Amir of Sakatu? Is he lord over me? I, the Sultan of Yakuba, of Bautshi, of Muri, of Soso? It is enough: the slave has spoken truth. Strike off the head of Nyebbu, and we will see whether his friend, the Amir of Sakatu, can help him; and cut out the tongue of this dog, and son of a dog, in that he has dared to invoke the name of Allah to support his false statements."

When my master heard these words, he shook himself free of his guards, and, throwing himself flat on his stomach, he managed, as best he could with his tied hands, to wriggle to the Sultan's feet, crying, "Aman! Aman! Oh, my lord! be merciful—spare my life, and let me live yet a little while, and I will be thy slave: I will be content to light thy pipe and boil the kettle for thy *tshai*.* Take, take all that is mine—my ivory, and slaves, and women—if thou seest good; but let me yet live a little while. I will start on the Hajj to Mekka. I will pray for thee there at the holy places."

And thus he wept, and groaned, and called aloud, and even turned his face towards me, saying, "Speak thou in my favour, O Horejandu!† I have ever treated thee kindly since the day I bought thee at Yola." But I spurned his face with my foot, and said, "Who am I that I should dare to speak when the Sultan has spoken?" And the Sultan called out in an angry voice, "I am weary of this noise. Are you all, then, as this man, that you look to the Amir of Sakatu, and not to me—that I speak and you obey not?"

And the guards seized my master without more ado, and dragged him to the steps of the outer court. Here, while the Pulo merchant was still calling out on his rough treatment, they thrust a wooden gag into his mouth, so that it prised his jaws open; and, when this was done, the executioner took from his waistband a pair of iron pincers, and, seizing my master's tongue, tore it out by the roots; and then, tying him against a wooden block in the centre of the courtyard, the executioner sliced off his head at one blow. And his head was stuck on a post outside the Sultan's gateway, and the body we dragged about the town by the legs, shouting out that thus should all people be treated that despised

the authority of the Sultan of Yakuba; and the body was afterwards flung outside the town for the hyenas to eat. And, after Nyebbu had been executed, the Sultan sent men to seize all his property and slaves, and he attached me to his own household, and gave me the Marghi girl to wife, the same that belonged to my late master; and I became a great favourite with the Sultan of Yakuba, and was much feared in the town, for it was said, "Whomsoever Horejandu condemns, him the Sultan executes."

So my affairs prospered for the space of a year or more, but, meanwhile, some Fulbe in the town, who liked not the Sultan of Yakuba, had sent secret messages to Wurno to tell the Amir-al-Mumenin, the things which Mohammed Sadiku, the

Sultan of Yakuba, had done, and the way in which he had repudiated his allegiance to his liege lord of Sakatu, and after some fourteen months had passed the rumour reached us that a great army was on its way from Kano to punish Sadiku, and set up another Sultan in his stead who should govern Yakuba for the Amir of Sakatu. And these things caused great terror to my new master, the Sultan, who sent messengers in all directions to all parts of his dominions to collect his fighting-men, and defend his capital; and the walls of the town were repaired and made good, much store of provisions were collected therein, and there was constant drilling of troops all day, and serving out of gunpowder, and lead to cast into bullets. And at length we could see from the great mountain behind Yakuba the smoke of burning villages, and other signs of the devastating army; and soon a great host was encompassing the town on all save the

"Stealthily walking through the streets of the town where the shadows were deepest"

mountain side. And, seeing the great forces brought to subdue Yakuba, the Fulbe notables of the town held council among themselves in secret conclave, and they said to each other, "Wherefore should we join issue with this man who has been Sultan of Yakuba? His quarrel is not our quarrel. Why should we fight to save him from the rule of the great Amir of Sakatu? We are Fulbe, and the Sultan of Sakatu is a Pulo, and the Prince of the True Believers. Surely it would be a sin in Allah's eyes to fight against him. Let us then send out messengers from the town to the commander of the host, and ask him for protection and a guarantee of our property if we come to terms with him, and hand over to his keeping the man who has been Sultan here."

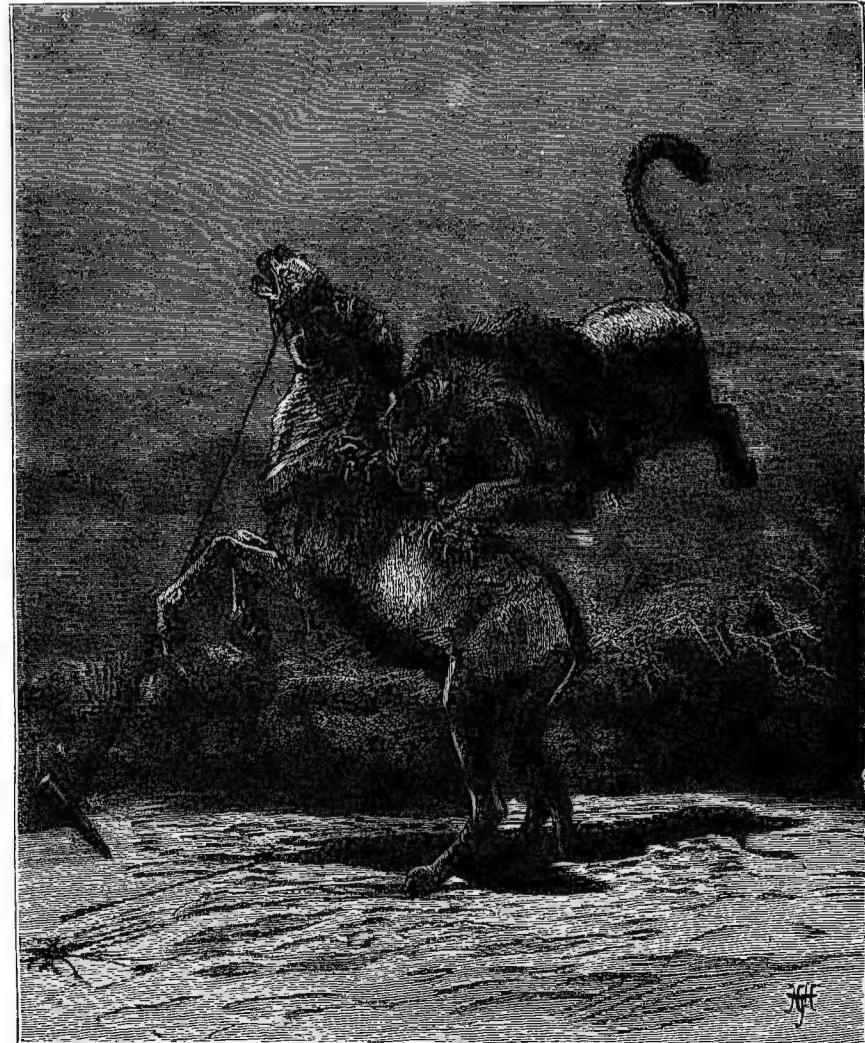
And news was brought to me of what the Fulbe elders had planned by one who was my friend in this council; and I went in to my master, the Sultan, and told him secretly what was in the wind. And he trembled much, and turned ashy pale, and said to me,

"I see clearly that the men of the town have no gratitude in their hearts for what I have done for them, and will not stand by me. When I call upon them to fight they will go over to the enemy, even if they do not first surround my palace and capture me, and give me over to my enemies as a prisoner. There is nothing for it therefore but to escape to the mountains while there is yet time. Do thou therefore make ready for me food that I may take away with me; and, at nightfall, I will disguise myself, and bear an order, sealed with my own seal, that shall let me pass out at the mountain gate, and so I will hide among the hill people till I can find means to escape to the kingdom of Adamawa, where I have friends; and as for thee, thou shalt go with me and follow my fortunes, and, if thou art true to me when Allah shall again give me prosperity, I swear by Allah I will reward thee. I will make thee a rich man and free. See," he said, "thou had nought to gain by turning against me as those traitors have done, and thou art more hateful in the town perhaps than even I am, and they would be sure to kill thee when I am gone."

And this reflection was a true one, and seeing that I had nothing to gain by betraying my master, I resolved to escape from the town with him, and follow him wheresoever he should go.

So we hastily and secretly set to work to make preparations for the journey, and the Sultan filled a bag with silver riyalat (dollars), which he hung round his neck, and he wrote out with his own pen, on a piece of sheep's-skin, an order to let himself and myself pass out of the gate, only he called us by names of two of his servants; and he hid about his person such small things as he could hastily lay his hands on, and I did the same, also preparing some balls of cooked yam and maize cakes, and we put over all these things several rich turbans and scarves, and hid our faces with lishams or face-veils, such as the Fulbe of the North are given to wear, and arming ourselves secretly with daggers and loaded pistols—the Sultan carried a pistol with six barrels, such as you call "riwolwa," which had been sent him as a present by the Christian traders on the Kwara—we left the palace.

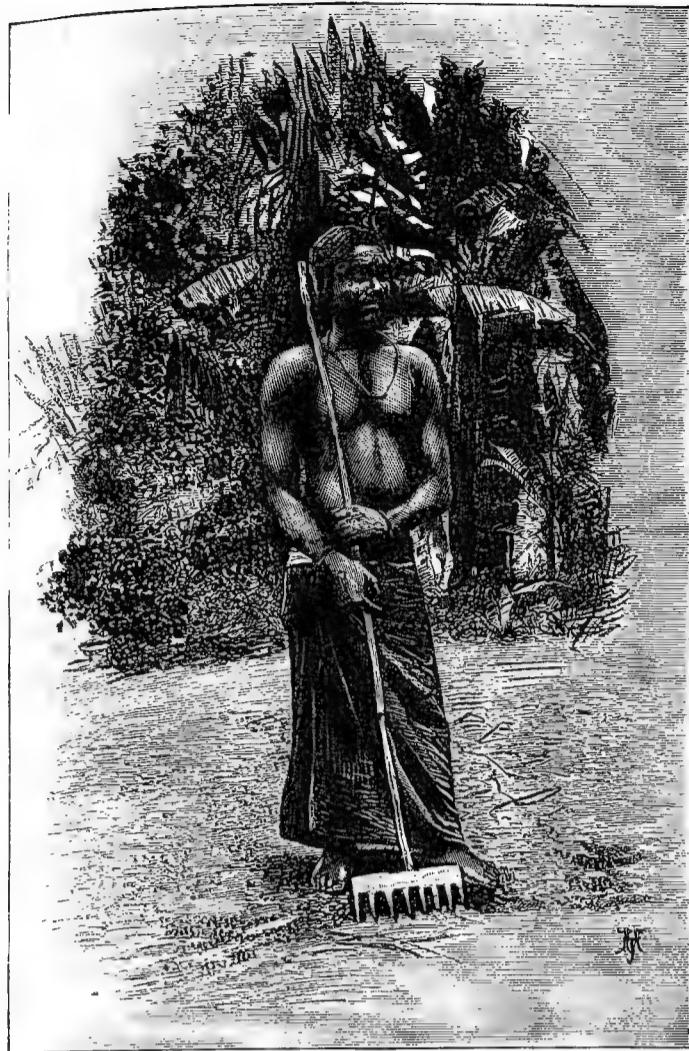
Stealthily walking through the streets of the town where the shadows were deepest, we arrived at the mountain-gate, and the Sultan speaking in a muffled voice, showed his written pass to the captain of the guard, and told him to let us quickly pass on the Sultan's business. And the captain on the guard, suspecting nothing, touched the permit with his forehead in token of respect, and



"A hungry lion leapt the barrier of thorns, and fastened on to one of the asses, who in terror broke loose from the stake to which it was tethered"

* Tea.

† Fulfulde for "Bighead."



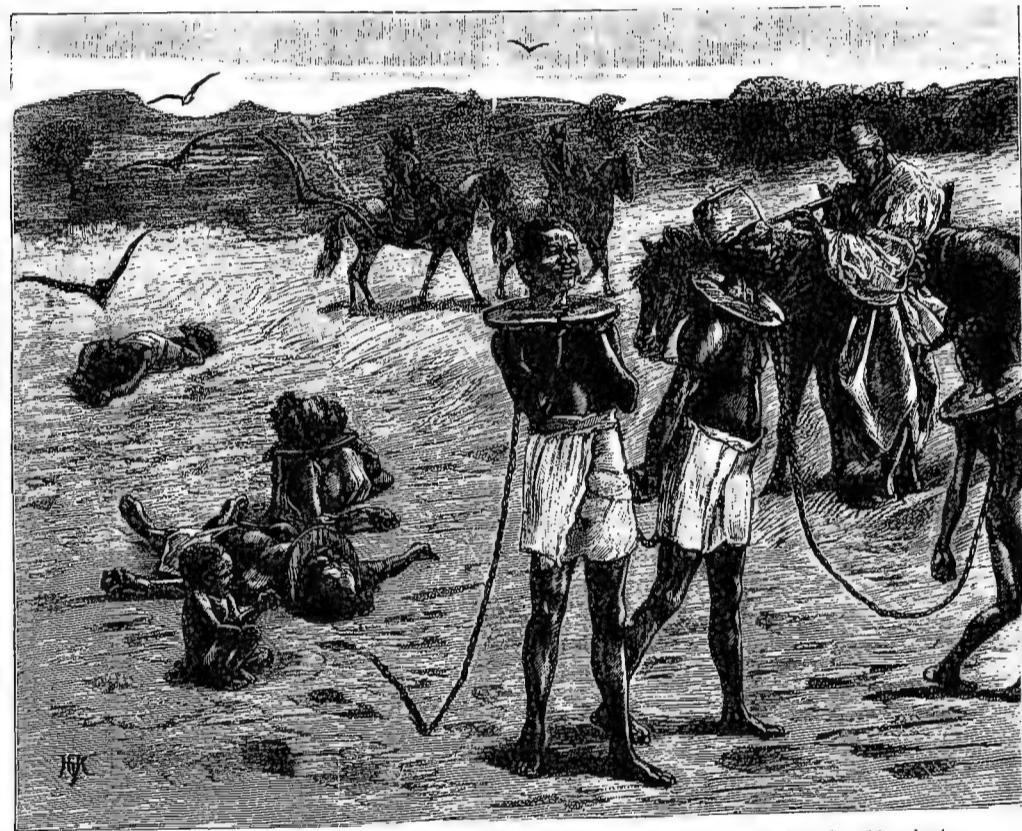
"Often I would stop to weep at the misfortunes that had befallen me"

gave orders to his men that they should cautiously unbar the gates, and let us through. So we passed out of the town, and climbed up into the mountain, where we hid ourselves amongst the stones and bushes.

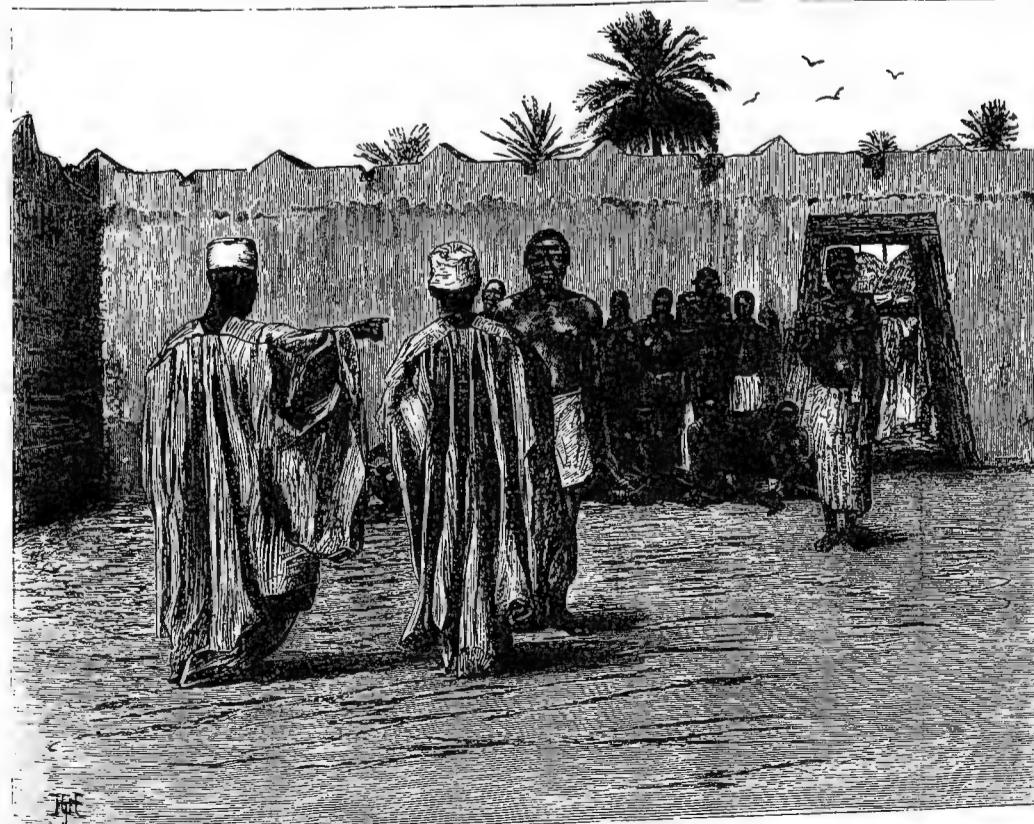
When the dawn came we could look out over the town, and, fearing to leave our place of hiding in daylight whilst so many scouts of the Kano army were scouring the plains, we resolved to lie quiet all that day until darkness should again set in, and we could venture to cross the open country at night. And soon after the sun was up we could see that there was a great commotion inside the town and out, for the leaders had evidently discovered our flight, and had sent to treat with the commander of the Sakatu army. When it was about mid-day the gates of the town were opened, and after much firing of guns the besieging force marched in.

What happened afterwards we did not know, for as no one was sent searching for us we cautiously crept down the other side of the mountain where there were no inhabitants, crawling cautiously among the stones and bushes, and keeping ever a good look-out that no one spied us. When the sun was setting we were at the base of the mountain, and there being a moon that night we made the best of our way on foot across the plain until we came to some hills, where we hid for awhile. And the next day we waded across the shallow part of a river, and bought a little food at a small village of Bautshi people, who wondered greatly to see us Mohammedans on foot, but we explained to them that our caravan had been broken up by the invading army, and our camels taken from us. And here, with three of the silver riyalat, we managed to buy two small asses, which we mounted, and then rode on as quickly as might be in a southerly direction, crossing a great plain between two ranges of mountains, and when we had been travelling

clothes, and bound up the great wounds in his thigh and arm where the lion had torn him. And when it was morning I saw my master had opened his eyes, and was looking round, but a fever had got hold of him, and he talked nonsense, and he knew not where he was, nor what had happened to him. I tended to his wants as well as I could, and then, bethinking myself that he was too ill to continue his journey then, and that the ass whom the lion had attacked was also in a sorry condition, I thought it best to remain where we were till my master should have recov-



"I was now forced to walk in step with a poor wild pagan in the slave caravan, joined to him during the march by a chain which united our heavy wooden collars"



"In the slave market"

thus for some three days we arrived at a quiet valley between some downs, where there were no people dwelling.

The punishment of Allah fell upon my master, the Sultan, here. We had made ourselves a small camp for the night by cutting down thorn bushes and strewing them in a circle, and inside these we tethered our asses, and the Sultan lit a fire with his flint and steel and tinder, and when we had eaten, and washed our hands with sand, and prayed, the Sultan lay down to sleep, and bade me watch until it was the middle of the night, when I should sleep, and he would take his turn of watching. But after awhile it was fated that my eyelids should grow heavy, and slumber fall upon me, so that I ceased to watch; and when I had slept for a little while I was awakened by the firing of a pistol, and then I heard the growling of a lion and the voice of my master calling for help. And it would seem that whilst I slept the fire had gone out, and a hungry lion had leapt the barrier of thorns, and fastened on to one of the asses, who in terror brake loose from the stake to which it was tethered, and struck my master with its hoofs as he slept, and he, starting up in a fright, and seeing by the light of the waning moon that a lion was attacking the ass, pulled out his "riwolwa" and fired it at the body of the lion, at the same time calling on me to help him; and the lion, being wounded in the back and greatly enraged, left the ass whom he was tearing, and fell on my master, whose arm and leg he tore with his teeth and claws, but my master, fighting for his life, fired off all the other barrels of the "riwolwa" into the lion's head with the other hand which was free, and the lion left off biting him and fell dead.

Then I, who had scarce known whether I was alive or dead with the fright I had had, arose, and seeing the lion was dead, I dragged his body from off my master, whom I also took for dead, but he had only fainted from loss of blood.

I got the flint and steel from his waist-cloth and struck a

light, and having made a blaze of dried twigs, I tore off long strips of cloth from my master's

I resolved within myself that it was foolish to remain with my master any longer, for it would be long ere he could travel, and then only slowly, and assuredly the Fulbe would discover us and slay us. So, having considered all this, I went to my master, who was talking nonsense and heeded me not, and took from his neck the bag of dollars which he carried, and the "riwolwa," and whatever other things of value were easy to stow away; and then, leaving him a gourd of water, a little food, and the disabled ass, I mounted the other and rode away towards the high range of hills in the west, knowing for some time the hillock where I had been to get the water would screen me from the gaze of the Fulbe horsemen; and at nightfall I reached a village at the base of the mountains.

Here I gave myself out to be a Hausa trader, for the people were foolish, timid pagans, who, seeing me dressed like a Hausa, believed me to be such. I had not any clear plan in my mind as to what course I should pursue; but I, in my ignorance of the purposes of Allah, thought I was now far enough away from pursuit, and would give myself out as a free man, and could trade with the dollars I had taken from my master; so I told all the villagers that I was riding in front of a large caravan of slaves from the Adamawa countries, and wished to know where in that direction I should find a great market at which I could profitably dispose of my slaves. And they, in their foolishness, said, "Why not go to Yakuba? There is no better place to sell slaves than in Yakuba." But I told them I had heard there was a glut of slaves in that market, and asked if they knew of no great town to the westward. On that they counselled me to proceed to Keffi, which should be a town nearly as big as Yakuba, lying to the westward. And they directed me to proceed along a certain little river to a place where it joined a bigger stream, and after crossing at the ford, skirting a great mountain, and crossing another river, I should then see Keffi before me. And, believing in the tale that I told them, they asked me before leaving to give them some guarantee that my big caravan, which they supposed to be following me, should not harass them as it passed through their town, and I, wishing to satisfy them and get free, pulled out the pass which the Sultan of Yakuba had written and gave it into their hands, they, of course, not being able to read what was thereon written. And then

vered, and so I took our two gourds, and went out to seek water, that I might have wherewith to quench our thirst and wash my master's wounds. And when I had ascended a little hillock, where there was rain-water lying in the clefts of the rocks, I spied in the distance, riding slowly across the plain, some Fulbe horsemen. Guessing that they were on the look-out for my master, I hurried back to our encampment, which was on the other side, and shielded from their sight. Then I stamped out the fire, so that its smoke should not betray the whereabouts of the camp to the Fulbe, and sat down to reflect on what I should do; and, seeing that my master lay sick and out of his senses, and that one of the asses, too, was disabled,

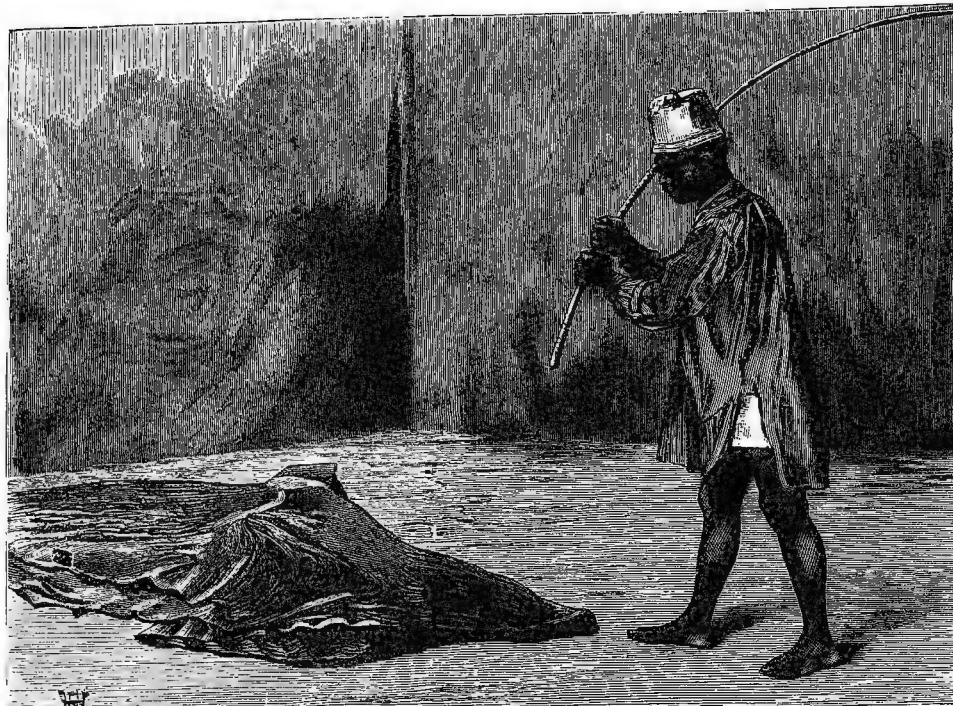
by the earliest morning I rode off in the direction of Keffi. And after several days' journey, which would be wearisome to recount to you, I found myself at the gates of this great town, and had to sleep outside all the night, because I arrived after sundown, and the gates were shut; and I was much harassed by the attacks of the hyenas, who would run in on me and snap at my own limbs or the legs of my ass. And when I entered Keffi the next morning I was an over-confident fool, believing that the townspeople of that place would as readily believe my lies as the simple villagers in the wilderness. So in the market-place I told all who questioned me that I was a Hausa merchant come to trade there, to buy slaves with riyalat; and I said how the rest of my caravan had been broken up and dispersed by the attacks of robbers, and I only had escaped. And hearing this story, several traders came forward and spoke to me in the Hausa language. I stammered and stuttered—I could not speak that tongue, and replied to them in the Ful speech, and they laughed aloud at me, and cried out, "What are these lies thou tell us? Thou a Hausa merchant, and cannot speak the Hausa tongue? And the Ful-fulde thou talkest is the Ful-fulde of a slave. Perchance thou art some runaway that hath robbed his master and donned his clothes. Come along with us to the Governor of the town, and give us a true statement of thy case."

And though I protested, and swore, and entreated, and several times wrenched my garments from their grasp, they dragged me from off the ass and led me to the Hausa Governor of that town, which, although in the Empire of the Amir of Sakatu is ruled by Hausas, and when I was carried before the Governor, so great was my fear that my wit deserted me, and I could not frame a lie that should satisfy them, but blurted out the whole truth of what had befallen me before I came to Yakuba; and I was long in the telling of the tale, but encouraged to proceed, and cheered in the telling by the laughter of the Governor, who made merry over the things I had done. When I had finished speaking, he bade them strip me of all my clothes, and dollars, and everything I possessed, so that I was stark naked.

"Now," he said, "thou deservest death for the things thou hast done; but I have not the heart to kill thee, for thou hast made my sides ache with laughter. Thou shall live, therefore, and become my slave. But beware lest thou play any pranks with me. I have more wisdom than Nyebbu and Saliku."

So he bade his servants give me an old piece of cloth to hide my nakedness, and sent me to work in his plantations.

This was a bitter lot for me, who had thought myself almost a Mohammedan gentleman; and often I would stop to weep at the



"Beating the taubs"

misfortunes that had befallen me; and thus, when I failed to do good work, I got many a flogging from the overseer of the Governor's plantation; and one day it was said to me that as I was a worthless slave I should be sold in the market.

So together—with some others, who were wild bushmen from the Akpoto country, that had been captured in a Hausa raid across the Benue—we were taken, on a great fair day, to the town of Keffi, and stationed there in the market-place for sale. And a Hausa merchant of Kano looked at me, examined me, and asked many questions about me, and, finally, after much talking with the overseer, bought me for fourteen dollars; and, two days afterwards, my new master set out for Kano, with a big caravan, with many camels and horses, and asses and slaves; and my neck was set in a great wooden collar, the other end of which was fastened to the neck of another slave; and thus, with pain and weariness, we had to walk on, day after day, in the middle of the caravan; and, although I pleaded many times to be set free to walk by myself, and swore every oath I could think of not to run away, the leader of the caravan had no pity on me, and said he had heard in Keffi I was a cunning rascal, and he did not intend to give me any chance of escape.

I do not know how I lived through this journey, so great was my suffering, and so little had I to eat. The great wooden collar that I wore round my neck was never removed, and its chafing caused two great sores to come on my shoulders, the scars of which I bear to this day. The Hausa man, who was the Maidoki or leader of the caravan, was called Shekara. He was a cruel man, with a hard heart, and paid no heed to my whining nor yet to my compliments, for at first I thought to win his favour by extolling his greatness or the beauty of his countenance or the splendour of his horse-trappings as he rode past us, but he would only aim a blow at my head with the butt of the lance that he carried, and rebuke me for a saucy slave in daring to comment on a person of his greatness. I, who had been a favourite of the Sultan of Yakuba, and considered myself as much a Muslim as any Arab or Pulo follower of the Prophet, I was now forced to walk in step with a poor wild pagan slave from the Ibo country, joined to him during the march by a chain which united our heavy wooden collars. Sometimes I would try to show the guards of the caravan that I was a Muslim like themselves, and in a loud voice I would recite the Fatha, the prayer from the Book of Books which I had picked up from the Fulbe Muslemen, or I would attempt to pray the Two-Bow Prayer, but so often as I did this in the hearing of the guards they would strike me on the mouth and jeer at me, saying that Allah could not understand such jargon, and mocking me for the nonsense that I spoke in the Arabic I had learnt by rote. We sojourned for a while at a place called Saria, and here the slave to whom I was fastened fell sick and died, and a number of other slaves of the caravan also perished, so much so that the leader feared to lose all his profits, so he consulted with some of his men, and it was agreed that such of us as had survived the sickness should be somewhat better treated, so that we might reach Kano in fair condition. Moreover, the wooden collar was taken from my neck, and the sores were dressed with oil, and a large rope was tied round my throat instead, and this in turn fastened to another slave. I was given a little more food than before, and our progress was slower between Saria and Kano so that the slaves might not become too exhausted. At length one day the soldiers in front of the caravan began firing their guns and shouting, and the word passed along that Kano was in sight.

This was a finer city than any I had yet seen, and although I was sick and weak, and an ill-treated slave, even I felt glad, and walked in a more upright manner as I passed through the great gate, and entered the streets of the town. We slaves were all taken to the slave market to be sold next day, but this did not make us sad in any way, for we felt that, whatever our lot might be, it could not be worse than our previous sufferings, and we were even merry as we sat over a huge dish of porridge that night.

The next morning there was a great press of people in the market, where each lot of slaves with their sellers were stood in a row for purchasers to inspect; there were Arabs, Kanuri people from Bornu, Tawaril from the Great Desert, and Fulbe from Sakatu and the Kware River, all wishing to purchase slaves. A Hausa man of Kano, whose name was Gungi, and who was a "Mairini," or dyer, examined me very closely, and asked many questions about me. Of course the Hausa, who bought me in Keffi, spoke highly of my qualities, and said there never was such a strong and willing worker as I, but the dyer looked doubtfully at me, because of my great leanness and the sores on my body. However, at last, after much dispute he bought me for thirty thousand kundi (kauri shells), and took me away with him to his house, which was in the quarter of the town called Sherbale.

When we were arrived, he spoke to me in Ful-sulde, which I then knew better than Hausa, and told me that if I was a good slave I should find in him a kind master, but that if I shirked my work, or stole, or ran away, I should find no pity in his heart. I spoke many sweet things to him, and knelt to him, and kissed his hand, and won his favour, for he looked kindly on me. Then he clapped his hands, and when some women slaves came, he bade them lead me to a small tank of water, where I could wash, and afterwards to give me food. He also sent a small boy to me whilst I was washing, with a common blue taub of cotton, and an old red fez, and told me wear these, instead of the dirty rags I wore about my body. Having washed and put on my new clothes, I looked quite a better kind of man, and my new master—Baba Gungi, as he was called—took great credit to himself for having made such a cheap bargain in the market.

In the afternoon of that day Baba Gungi took me with him to his "marina" at the back of his yard. This was an open terrace or platform of clay, with a

number of clay dyeing-pots, and three slaves were here stirring up the indigo juice that was in the pots, and mixing it every now and then with some pounded red wood, of a kind brought from Adamawa.

My master spoke to these other slaves, and told them to instruct in the work and make me useful.

When he had left us, his slaves, who were rather simple folk, and mostly people from Bornu, asked me to tell them something of myself—who I was, and whence I came, and to them I related much of my past adventures as I have told them to you, and in this way we sat long talking until we heard the sound of our master's sandals pattering on the ground of the courtyard outside and started up in a panic to go back to our work. Then I was shown by one of them how I must fetch a white cotton taub from among a bundle that lay on a clay bench

that ran along one side of the marina, and soak it in a tank of clean water; and when this was done wring it out nearly dry, and then plunge it into one of the dye-pots, where another man stirred it round with a stick. And then again, I was to take other shirts from the other dye-pots, the dyeing of which was finished, and, having wrung them out to plunge them for a minute into another tank of dirty water, and then again wringing them out to hang them on the branch of a small tree which grew in the middle of the dyeing-place; and, when this was done, and whilst these shirts were set to dry, I was given others that were already dried, and these I had to spread out on mats on the ground of the marina, and beat, first one side and then the other, with a long, pliant stick. This was a business hard to learn, for the taubs must be beaten in a certain fashion, so that the roughness of the dye leaves the cotton, and a shiny appearance, like silk, takes its place. All through the day we would hear this sound of beating the taubs going on, for always one slave or another was at the work; and, as they beat, they would sing this song in unison with the sound of the blows :—

Mu Masurini ne!
Dafari mu-rina riga,
Bayga mu-buga riga,
Anshima mu-tala ta
Gi mutum kiau!

We are dyers!
First we dye the shirt,
Then we beat the shirt,
And then we sell it
To a goodly man.

For the first few weeks that I lived in Kano I sought only to gain the favour of my master, and I was so industrious in this dyeing work that the other slaves reported well of me to Baba Gungi. But after a time I wearied of this life, although I had plenty to eat, and a master who did not illtreat me. I began in time to assume a mastery over the other slaves of the marina, and became a kind of chief among them—so much so, that I made them do all the work, and passed my time mostly joking and laughing with my master's women. An occasionaly I would manage to have a little dyeing done privately for such friends as I had made in



"Lowering my head, I charged at him like a bull, butting him full in the stomach"

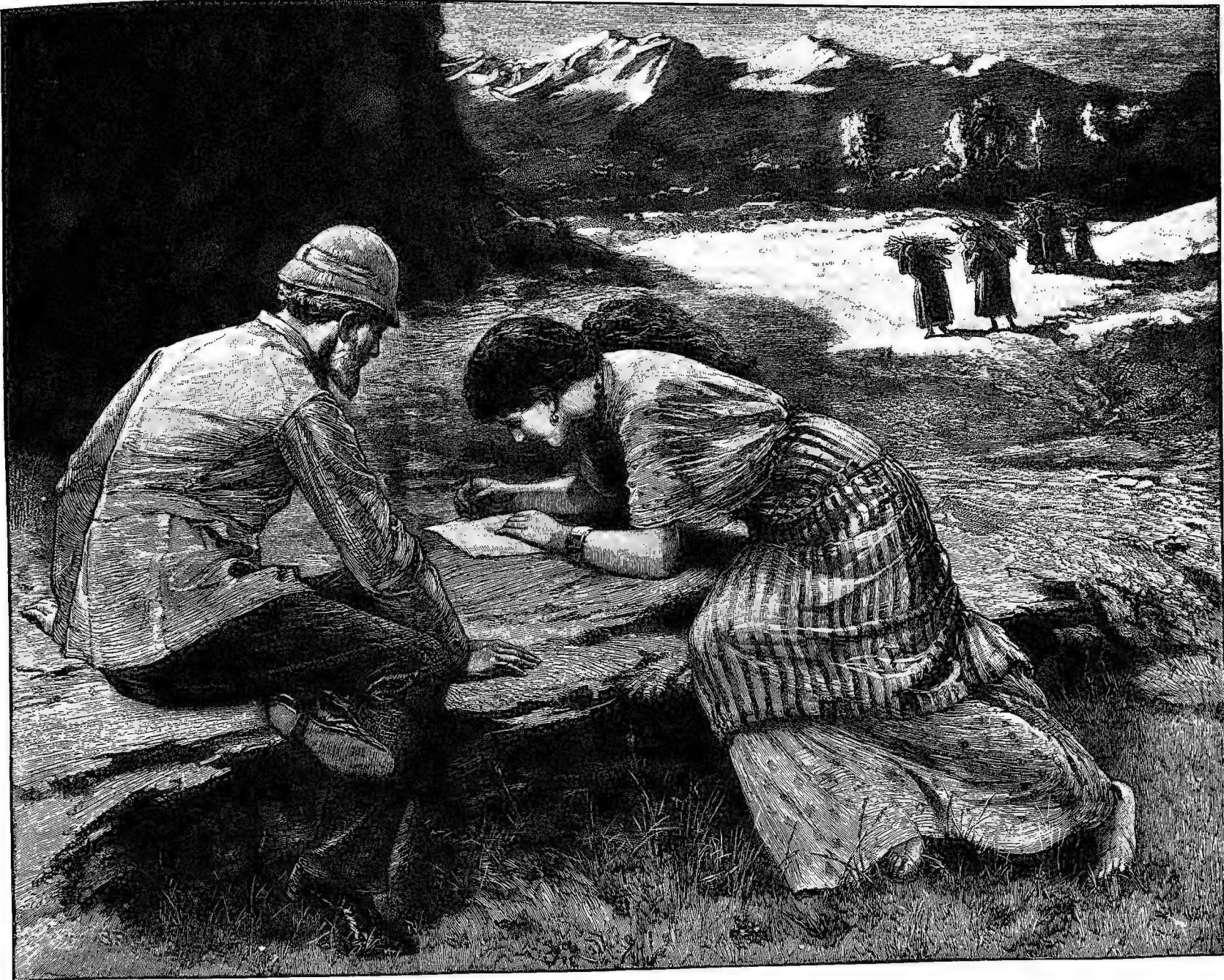
the town, and for this they would give me small presents, so that I could gradually store up money with which to buy fine clothes.

And my master at first approved of my smart appearance, and told me that I did credit to his household; but gradually he grew distrustful, and suspected that I had not dealt quite honestly with him, moreover, he grew angry at my behaviour with the women, and at the saucy tone I took when he rebuked me, and I heard him say one day to another of the slaves, that he would find means to reduce my pride. One morning he found great fault with the dyeing of some taubs, and ordered me to repeat the process. I called another of the slaves, and bade him dip the taubs again into the dyeing-pots, but my master angrily interrupted and said :—"I ordered thee to do it, thou dog, and not Brahimu. It is time thou shouldst be punished for thy insolence." And he stepped into the house, and fetched thence a great whip made of hippopotamus hide. I was standing with my back to him, mocking his wrath to the other slaves, when he suddenly began to lash me with this whip, and even through the cotton shirt which covered my shoulders he cut my flesh with the whip, and drew blood. I could not contain myself at this treatment, so I turned on with all my strength for I am a strong man, which is why the Arabs call me Abu-l-guwah—and, lowering my head, I charged at him like a bull, butting him full in the stomach. Such was the force of my blow, that the whip fell from his hand, and he sank to the ground like a dying man. When the other slaves saw that I had seemingly killed their master, they raised a terrible noise, and all the women came into the marina shrieking and tearing their garments and calling for help. Remembering what had happened to me at Yakuba, before any could detain me I broke from them all, and ran full pelt through the streets to the palace of the Ghadidima, or Governor of the town, and heading not the clamour of the guards, I rushed on blindly into the diwan, where the governor was sitting on his carpet. Seizing the skirt of his long robe in one hand, I cried "Aman, Aman, I place myself under thy protection." And he proudly removed his garment from my hand, called to his guards to seize me, and demanded to know why I had been allowed to enter his presence. And they, bowing their foreheads

(Continued on page 402)



"The Kano Cavalry"



DRAWN BY E. F. BREWTNALL, R.W.S

He brought out some paper and pen and ink, and set Meriem a copy of *a, b, c*, in the usual formal writing-master style. Meriem sat down to it, by a flat rock, with characteristic determination.

"THE TENTS OF SHEM"

BY GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF "THIS MORTAL COIL," "THE DEVIL'S DIE," &c.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LE MARCHANT BREAKS SILENCE

ON the very same morning when Iris and Vernon Blake were having their little love passage together by the hillside at St. Cloud, Meriem had come out to the tent at Beni Merzoug to ask assistance from her friend Le Marchant. A new-born desire had arisen in her soul, the desire to read English handwriting.

"I want you to show me, Eustace," she said, in her simple straightforward way, "how they make the letters in England when they write to one another."

"You want to learn to write English, in fact," Eustace answered, smiling.

"Partly that," the girl replied, with half a blush. "But partly more, I want to learn how to read a letter."

"In case Vernon should ever send you one, I suppose," Le Marchant said, with a subdued sadness in his eye and lips.

"No!" Meriem answered, very decisively. "Vernon shall never, never write to me. Vernon shall marry my cousin Iris. I've made up my mind firmly to that. I wanted to learn for another reason."

She spoke decidedly, with concentrated determination, though it was clear the words cost her much; and Le Marchant, looking keenly through and through her, read her too far to harrow her just then with any further questioning. It would cost her a wrench to give up her painter. But the wrench must come, Le Marchant knew well. He saw that Blake was in love with Iris, and he was sure he would never dream of marrying Meriem.

He brought out some paper and pen and ink, and set Meriem a copy of *a, b, c*, in the usual formal writing-master style. Meriem sat down to it, by a flat rock, with characteristic determination. She had a reason for learning English manuscript-hand now; and she had learnt it, no spare moment should be spent or wasted on any other subject.

For the next few days, accordingly, Meriem toiled hard at her new writing, but especially at deciphering the strange characters she herself had written. What she wanted most to do, however, was to read what was written in other people's hands; and to this end she made Le Marchant write down many simple words for her, and then read them herself at sight as well as she was able. By the end of a week, her progress was remarkable; previous knowledge of the curvilinear Arabic had stood her in good stead; and she found to her surprise she could spell out a page of English manuscript with decent certainty though by slow stages. And when once she had reached that point, she spent many hours shut up by herself in her own bedroom in the Amine's cottage, poring hard over something

held close to her face, of which she told naught to any one anywhere.

"Eustace," she said, suddenly, a morning or two later, appearing with a flushed face at the tent door, "you can speak French. I want to know if you'll come with me sometime over to St. Cloud, and find out something from the people down there for me."

Le Marchant rose with a pleased face. Of late, Meriem had been very friendly with him. She wasn't the least little bit in the world in love with him, of course; that he knew well. He made himself no vain illusions on that foolish score. Meriem loved Vernon Blake, and her love for Vernon Blake was far too profound to allow of room in her heart for any possible rival. Still, she was friendly, uncommonly friendly. She had learned to trust him and rely upon him as a friend, with a frank trustfulness which no English girl in our conventional world could easily have imitated. For that measure of intimacy, Le Marchant was grateful; he liked to see that Meriem trusted him; he was sorry her love was so hopeless and so desperate.

"What do you want to find out?" he asked, coming out to the door, and taking her hand in his, with friendly sincerity.

"Can I trust you?" Meriem asked, looking him hard in the face.

"You can trust me, Meriem; implicitly; for anything."

"So I think," she answered, with her keen glance fixed upon his truthful eyes. "You are always kind to me. I believe you. I'll trust you. Well then, I want to know . . . whether they have any register books kept at St. Cloud of people's marriages earlier than the Christian year 1870."

Le Marchant started. "Why so?" he asked, in no little surprise.

"Eustace," the girl said, very seriously, laying her hand upon his arm, with a sudden pressure, "if I tell you this, you promise on your honour never to breathe a word of it to anybody."

"I will never breathe a word of it to anybody, Meriem, if you ask me not."

"Then this is why. I know you won't betray me. I think the books must all have been destroyed in the great insurrection of 1851—what the Christians call 1870. I hope they were. I'm sure they must have been. For the Kabyles attacked and burned down the Fort, and killed almost every living soul in the place, and even Madame l'Administratrice herself only escaped by walking across the snow in her light dressing-gown."

"And why do you wish the books to have been burnt?" Le Marchant asked once more, with some dim anticipation of Meriem's probable meaning.

"Because," Meriem answered, clutching his arm hard, "my father

and mother were married at St. Cloud,—secretly married in the Christian way, before a priest, and also at the Mairie—early in the beginning of 1870."

"How do you know that?" Le Marchant asked, astonished. Meriem shook her head with a decisive negation. "Don't ask me how I know it," she cried, her fingers playing nervously meanwhile with her amulet. "I'm not going to tell you. Nobody shall know. But, if the books at St. Cloud are really destroyed, nobody on earth will ever be able to prove it."

"And you don't want it proved?" Le Marchant exclaimed, with rising admiration.

"I don't want it proved," the girl answered, eagerly. "Why should I, indeed? It could only distress me. I don't want to take all this money from Iris. Iris shall keep it, for Vernon loves her. She shall marry Vernon, and break my heart. But Vernon will have it, for he loves Iris."

"And you?" Eustace asked, looking back at her with pity.

"And me? I'll stop and marry Hussein or Ahmed, or any other man my uncle may sell me to."

Le Marchant looked once more at her with infinite tenderness. But he said nothing. It must not be—it could not be; something must be done somehow to prevent it. But the time to speak out was not yet come. They started in silence, with heavy hearts, to walk over to St. Cloud, alone—together.

On the way they spoke to each other but little. Each was full of his own thoughts. It was only after they had reached St. Cloud, and Eustace had satisfied himself, by full inquiries, that the register of the État Civil, previous to 1870, had indeed been destroyed in the great rebellion, that they began to talk at all freely. Meriem's mind was relieved by the discovery.

"That's well," she said, with a sigh; "that's well, Eustace. Now Iris and Vernon can keep their money."

Eustace made sure, in his own mind, she had learnt the real or supposed fact from some Kabyle woman in the village—some confidante, perhaps, of her dead mother; and he agreed with her that even if true it would now be all but impossible to prove it. So he turned back once more, half-relieved like herself, since she would have it so, to find that her vague claim to the Knyvett estates grew even more shadowy. If Meriem was satisfied, what right on earth had he to wish it otherwise?

Half way home, they sat down on a projecting ledge of rock that overhung the valley; a ledge under the shade of a gnarled old olive tree; and while they rested, Eustace murmured to himself, as if by accident almost, Meriem's own words, "I will stop and marry Hussein or Ahmed, or any other man my uncle may sell me to!"

Meriem gazed up in his face with a half defiant air. Those fearless nostrils of hers quivered as she spoke; but she said with no faltering note in her voice, "Yes, I mean it, Eustace; let Iris take Vernon, and I'll marry Hussein."

Le Marchant's face was very earnest. He took the girl's white hand in his own unresisted. Meriem liked him, and let him take it. "Meriem," he said, with his eyes fixed full on hers, "listen to me a moment. I want to speak to you seriously. You must never, never marry a Kabyle."

"I must," Meriem answered, "if my uncle sells me to him."

Le Marchant knew his hope was infinitesimal; but for Meriem's sake he ventured to speak out. "Meriem," he went on again, with a lingering cadence on each syllable of her name, "the time is short, and I want to save you. I know your uncle means to marry you off shortly. I know you love Vernon and not me. I know Vernon will never marry you. But I can't endure to think you should pass your life—you, whom I've learnt to know and love and admire—a slave to one of your countrymen in the village here. To me, this summer has been a very happy one. I've watched you and talked with you till I know you and feel towards you as towards an English lady. I know how deep and profound is your nature. Meriem, you must never marry Hussein or Ahmed. I don't ask you to love me, I don't expect you at first to love me; but for your own sake I ask you at least to wait and marry me—to save you from Ahmed or Hussein, or their like; do, Meriem, marry me."

Meriem gazed back at him with her frank, fearless gaze. "I can never marry any man but Vernon," she answered quietly.

"But you're going to marry Ahmed or Hussein!" Le Marchant cried in a pleading voice. "Why not me as well as either of them? Surely, Meriem, you like me more than you like Hussein!"

"But that's quite different," Meriem answered, slowly, endeavouring to disentangle her own mind to herself to her own satisfaction. "I could marry a Kabyle, because that's not marrying at all, you know, in the way people marry in the English books—in the way I might marry you or Vernon. That's merely being Hussein or Ahmed's slave; picking up sticks and making *cous-cous* for them. I've expected that all my life long. It's nothing new to me. I ought to be prepared for it. . . . But to marry you, Eustace, would be quite different. I could never marry any Englishman at all, except Vernon."

"Meriem," Le Marchant urged once more, holding her hand tight in his eager grip, and pleading earnestly. "I don't ask you dear, to marry me for my own sake in the least, though I love you dearly, and have always loved you. I ask you to marry me to get you away from this place altogether; I want you to put yourself into freer and more natural and congenial surroundings, to save your own life from Hussein or Ahmed. Oh, Meriem, don't throw your life away! For your own sake, pause a moment and think. I want to take you, and save you from drudgery. Marry me first; you may learn to love me by degrees afterward."

Meriem stroked the fingers that held her own with her left hand, tenderly. "Eustace," she said, in a very soft voice, not untinged with a certain profound regret, "I like you dearly. I know you and trust you. I'm very fond of you. Except Vernon, there's nobody else I like as I like you. In a way, I love you. I love you almost as I loved Yusuf. You've always been kind to me. You've been more than thoughtful. From the very first day when you came to the Beni-Merzoug, I've always seen and noticed how kind you were. Kinder than Vernon. I've seen that, too, all along, of course. You thought of me, while he thought of himself and his own pleasure. You never spoke one word of love; you loved me silently, and tried to help me. I know all that; I recognise all that; don't think me ungrateful; I like you dearly; I love you as a sister might love a brother. But see how strangely our hearts are built! I know all that; yet I love Vernon, and I could marry Vernon. I could never marry you; and partly just because I like you so dearly. I could marry Vernon because I love him; I could marry Hussein because I hate him; but you, never! because I like you, and love you as a brother!" And with a simple, graceful, womanly impulse she raised his trembling hand to her lips, and kissed it affectionately. "Dear Eustace," she said, looking up at him, still with brimming eyes, "I wish I could say yes, if it would give you pleasure. But I must say no. I'm very, very, very sorry."

Eustace clasped her hand yet harder in his own.

"Meriem," he cried, with the calm but deep emotion of middle life, "if you won't marry me, you shan't get rid of me. I'll stop here still to watch over you and protect you. I know what sort of life you'll have to lead. But they shall never harm you. Try at least to remain single for me. It's intolerable to think such a woman as you should be Hussein's slave. A woman like you, so grand and sweet! And, perhaps, in time you may forget Vernon and learn to love me."

"I've learnt to love you long ago, Eustace," Meriem answered, with a smile through her tearful eyes; "but I shall never, never forget Vernon. Iris may take him: I want her to take him; I love Iris and I love Vernon, and I want them both to be happy together; but as long as I live I shall never forget him. I shall never forget your goodness, either; but my heart—my heart—my heart is Vernon's."

And she held it tight to keep it from bursting.

Le Marchant rose and kissed her forehead chivalrously.

"My child," he said, leaning over her with infinite regretful tenderness, "I'm no boy who mistakes his first calf-love for a grand passion. I've seen many women; I've loved some; but I never loved any woman before as I love you, Meriem. I loved you from the first; what you've said to-day has made me love you better than ever. I admire you because you have a strong nature. I know I have a strong nature, too. Strong natures go forth naturally to one another. Some day, Meriem, I believe you will love me. But, love me or not, I will never forsake you. For your own sake, I'll stand by you, and protect you, and watch over you. You are to me a new interest in life. I can never let you fall into Hussein's clutches. Come on, my child; it's growing late now, and thank you from the bottom of my heart for all you have said to-day in my favour."

CHAPTER XXX.

SYMPOTMS

IT was a distinct surprise to Harold Knyvett to receive, a few days later, a note from his Aunt Amelia, couched in comparatively affectionate terms, and dated from "The Fort, St. Cloud, Algeria."

Communications with the rival branch of the Knyvett family had of course been interrupted for Harold of late; he had heard nothing from that high-stepping girl, Iris, herself, since the memorable evening when he had proposed, to his shame, and been promptly rejected. But he was glad to find Aunt Amelia, at least—good, easy soul—didn't share her daughter's alienated feelings. It was something to have the maternal authority more or less on his side; and, thinking thus, Harold accepted the note as a *rapprochement*, an indirect reopening of relations between the two high contracting parties. If Aunt Amelia held out the right hand of friendship to-day, it might fairly be expected that that recalcitrant daughter of hers, for all her fads and fancies, would follow suit most amicably to-morrow.

"MY DEAR HAROLD," Mrs. Knyvett wrote, without the faintest show of resentment, or even, for that matter, of Christian forgiveness

either, "please excuse pencil. Here we are, up in a heathenish place, among the snowy mountains, which they call Grande Kabylie, stopping at a fort, where an outbreak of the natives, it seems, may be any moment expected, and indebted for our daily (sour) bread to the hospitality of a frivolous and ill-regulated young Frenchwoman, whose manners, I fear, are hardly a good example for such a high-spirited girl as our dear Iris. We left Algiers for this dreadful place almost immediately after our arrival in the country; and here Iris has kept us ever since, much against my will, away from her comfortable home at Sidi Aia (which is really a delicious house), hunting up some mythical claim to her estate, set forward on behalf of a poor bare-footed pagan girl of the name of Meriem, or something of that sort. I won't write to you about this, however, at any length, as I understand dear Tom doesn't want the matter discussed in London. My real object in troubling you to-day is merely to ask you if you will be kind enough to do me a little favour. To add to my misfortune, as ill-luck will have it, I've managed in the last few days to get a bad attack of my old enemy, bronchitis, which has come on severely since the snow began to fall thick on the upper mountains. I haven't had such a bad turn of it for years and years, and I'm writing this with a very bad pencil (as you see) in bed, for the houses here are most ill-constructed, and it's quite impossible, with all one's pains, to keep the draught out through these horrible windows. What I want to know, therefore, is, whether you'll be so good, like a dear boy, as to call at our house and ask Martha for my bronchitis kettle, and the inhaler, and spray-machine, and all the prescriptions and medical things in the lower right-hand drawer of the spare bedroom dressing-table. Please put them up in a neat parcel, and take them all (addressed to me) to Dr. Yate-Westbury's (I forget where he lives in St. John's Wood, but you can look his place up in the 'Post Office Directory'). He's coming over to Algiers for the season next week, as Iris learns from the Sidi Aia people; and if you ask him, I've no doubt in the world he'll be glad to bring the things over for me, as he owns the next house to ours on the hill at Mustapha. Thanking you, by anticipation, for your kindness in this matter, and with best love, in which Iris (who's out at present) would no doubt join, believe me, my dear Harold,

"Ever your affectionate Aunt,
"AMELIA MARY KNYVETT."

The perusal of this fond and foolish letter, as he loitered over the anchovy toast at breakfast, afforded Harold Knyvett in his own soul the keenest enjoyment. "The Whitmarshes are all donkeys," he thought internally, with the self-congratulatory smile of the very superior person, "but Aunt Amelia's really the biggest donkey of the whole lot of them. The idea, now, of her blurting out like that the secret of what it is that's taken them all over to Algeria! And she to me, too, of all people in the world! How mad that old ass her brother'd be if only he knew what a precious mess his affectionate sister's gone and made of it. Doesn't want the matter discussed in London, indeed! The transparent idiot! I suspected as much when I heard he'd gone across with Iris to carry the war into Africa. So they've found out some young woman who claims to be Clarence Knyvett's heir and representative! Well, well, we may try that tack in the end, if all other plans fail, and my own little will mis-carries anyhow. But it won't miscarry; it's as safe as houses—and a great deal safer, too, in these earthquaky ages. For houses nowadays are no better than Three per Cents. I'd no idea my dear relations were away from Algiers! What a stroke of luck! The house vacant! Long may the draughts blow up Aunt Amelia's chronic bronchitis! It's a splendid chance for me to get to Sidi Aia while they're all away from it, and discover my will stowed neatly away in the back drawer of that convenient davenport!"

For Harold Knyvett, who left nothing to chance, had arranged beforehand the matter of the davenport.

He finished his coffee and lighted a cigarette; then he poised the letter contemplatively in one hand before him. Dr. Yate-Westbury! Ha! ha! An idea! In luck again! Aunt Amelia had unconsciously suggested, by a single phrase, the missing link in his grand scheme. One point alone was doubtful, and Aunt Amelia had cleared it up. He would bring that proud Iris to her knees at last! He would make her marry him or give up her property.

He stroked his chin, and smiled to himself. Dr. Yate-Westbury! The great authority upon nervous disease! He saw his way clear now to a voyage to Algiers. The man was an enthusiast for the Algerian climate. It was notorious that, having land to sell there, he regarded the place as an absolute panacea for all the ills that flesh was heir to, and especially for all forms of nervous disorder. A nervous disorder, then, was the one thing needful to secure a good plea for visiting Sidi Aia.

Harold Knyvett, to be sure, was in boisterous health. He had started in life with those two famous allies in the struggle for existence, "a bad heart and a good digestion," and he had never done anything yet to impair either of them. Leave from the Board of Trade, therefore, would be difficult to get on any other pretext; but a nervous disorder! there, the strongest-built and seemingly healthiest man may succumb any day to an unexpected malady. Fired with the idea, he rang the bell and ordered a hansom at once. "To the London Library," he cried aloud to the cabby, "12, St. James's Square; and look sharp, for I'm in a precious hurry."

There was time before office-hours to look up the question. He reached the library, rushed upstairs, and took down from the shelf "Yate-Westbury on Diseases of the Nervous System." He would hocus the doctor out of his own treatises.

In ten minutes, he had chosen, digested, and assimilated his disease; he knew the symptoms of his particular malady as pat as Yate-Westbury himself could have told him them. A twitching of the fingers—yes, yes, just so; a nervous trembling about the corners of the mouth; loss of memory, decrease of appetite, frequent sleeplessness, accompanied by a growing tendency to dwell minutely upon long-past events in the night watches; incapacity to write down the exact word or phrase he wanted; forgetfulness of names even with the nearest and dearest friends or acquaintances. He had swallowed the whole diagnosis entire before he rushed off in hot haste to the office; he was the victim of a slow and insidious decay; he needed rest, change of air, relaxation, variety.

At the door of his room at the Board of Trade, he met his chief, with a vacuous smile on his carefully composed countenance. "Good morning, Mr. —— er—" he said, and paused irresolute. Then, with a sudden air of frankness he drew his hand across his forehead, and added quickly, "My dear sir, you'll hardly credit it, but I've actually managed to forget your name. I can't think what's coming over my poor head lately."

"I've noticed that before," his chief answered, with a good-natured laugh. "For a long time past, in fact, I've observed, Knyvett, that your memory hasn't been by any means so brisk and keen as it used to be. You've seemed preoccupied and absorbed and mooney, and distracted. If I were you, you do know, my dear fellow, I'd not lose a day; I'd consult Yate-Westbury."

Harold had hard work to repress a smile. Could anything on earth have happened more opportunely? It came in the very nick of time, as if he himself had carefully angled for it. No doubt, indeed, he had been preoccupied of late. When a man's engaged in all his leisure moments with—ahem—drawing up a will for a deceased person, he may well have but little attention left to spare for the dull and dry details of exports and imports!

"You think so?" he murmured, with well-assumed alarm. "I'm sorry for that. But I've felt it coming on, myself, for the last

two months or so. My mind seems to have lost its freshness and elasticity. It doesn't hook on to things as it used once to do. I'll consult Yate-Westbury this very evening."

"Do," his chief went on, with kindly considerateness. "The service I'll gain by it, in the end, no doubt. A fortnight's holiday I'll be sure to set you right again. But I've noticed all along you were getting awfully fagged. Since the middle of the summer, indeed, to tell you the truth, you've never been half the sort of man you used to be."

Harold bowed his head in affected regret.

"It's extremely kind of you to suggest it," he said, with grateful warmth. "I do want a change. I won't deny it. Those differential duties have run me too hard. But I'll see Yate-Westbury at once, Mr.—er—quite so—ah, Hamilton, thank you; and if he gives me a certificate to that effect, I'll run down South for a week or two's rest and change immediately."

"Sensible fellow, Knyvett," the chief reflected as he turned to his desk. "Some fellows are too deuced proud to take your advice, and resent the slightest attempt to give them a hint for the good of their health. But Knyvett's always so sound and reasonable. I'm glad I persuaded him to go to Yate-Westbury."

As soon as the day's work was fairly over, therefore, Harold, thus fortified by extraneous advice, went round without delay to the famous specialist's. He introduced himself as his uncle's nephew, and detailed his symptoms (straight out of the book) with the greatest minuteness. The famous specialist listened with deep attention, not unmixed with paternal pride and pleasure. A plainer case he had never come across. Typical, typical! And well might it be so, for Harold's symptoms were the picked result of years of experience and generalisation, fired off point-blank in one long list at the innocent head of their observer or inventor.

"And so you don't sleep at nights, eh?" Dr. Yate-Westbury said, gazing through and through him, with an inquiring air. "Well, well, that's bad. But usual; very. And tell me now, what do you mostly think about when you're lying awake in these fits of sleeplessness?"

"Why," Harold answered, playing nervously and ostentatiously with his fingers on a button of his coat while he endeavoured at the same time to make the corners of his mouth twitch and jerk as conspicuously as possible, "nothing much, thank heaven. I'm not troubled that way. I don't think of anything of the slightest importance. Merely minute old childish reminiscences, and all that sort of thing."

The specialist smiled a grim smile of recognition—as, to be sure, he might, for the symptom confirmed his own diagnosis.

"And why do you pull about your button like that?" he asked, darting down upon him with sudden emphasis.

Harold glanced down, and pretended for the first moment to notice the movement.

"I—I don't know why," he answered, meekly. "I wasn't aware I was pulling it about till you called my attention to it. Indeed, Dr.—er—er—" and he forgot the name with the most skilful innocence, "I don't think I pull things about so usually."

"Do you haggle over names much?" the specialist asked, with a knowing look. "I notice you forgot what mine was this moment."

Harold hugged himself inwardly on the perfect way in which he was diddling his man with such a transparent fiction.

"A good deal of late," he answered, his fingers rising up once more to the button, as if unconsciously. "But it'll soon pass over," he added, with pretended nervousness. "It won't go on long. A mere passing ailment. I'll be all right again in a week or two, I fancy."

"Look here, Mr. Knyvett," the doctor said seriously. "I won't conceal from you the painful fact that your case is a dangerous one—a distinctly dangerous one. We must be very careful. We must face these facts. You know what this sort of thing generally leads to?" He lowered his voice and almost whispered in his ear, "Insanity, my dear sir—simple insanity."

Harold assumed a profoundly horrified air. He was a good actor, and had the muscles of his face well under control.

"You don't mean to say so!" he cried, in apparent alarm. "Oh, don't say that, Dr.—er—er—Yate-Eastbury."

Dr. Yate-Westbury closed his lips tight.

"There's only one thing for you to do," he said, with emphatic severity. "You must take a holiday—a complete holiday. No half-measures—a thorough change. I see by your eyes you've been over-exciting yourself too much about some business or other lately. You have the air of a man who has been profoundly absorbed by private affairs. A bachelor, you say; self-centred! self-centred! The root of all evil, if people would but see it. You need change of air, distraction, diversion, amusement. You should go abroad; Nice shall we say? or Mentone? or Monte Carlo?" He paused for a second, and stroked his chin. "Or, stay," he went on, as if struck by an inspiration, "why not Algiers? It's the very place for people who suffer from your special symptoms. Air's sedative, soothing, and extremely bland. As it happens, in fact, I'm going there myself for the winter on Monday. You'd better come with me. In your present state of health, you need constant medical advice and attention. I've a villa on Mustapha, just next door to your uncle, Sir Arthur's. Miss Knyvett's there now already, I believe, so you'll find yourself at once in the bosom of your family. A charming young lady; I met her out last season. We needn't say anything to her or others about our fears and suspicions for the future, of course—" here Dr. Yate-Westbury nodded and smiled with an air of profound professional mystery. "Mum's the word there. I'll give you a certificate of a non-committing sort for the Board of Trade people; you know the line of country—overwork; nervous exhaustion; need of rest and change of scene; and you'll be ready to start with me from Charing Cross on Monday."

Harold thanked his disinterested adviser with gloomy gratitude, and completed his arrangements with an internal chuckle. As he left the room, he didn't himself observe that his fingers were twining once more in a nervous way with that unfortunate button. If he had, indeed, he would only have reflected with a mental smile that he was simulating the symptoms even better than he intended! But Dr. Yate-Westbury noticed it with his keen glance, and remarked to his assistant, as Harold disappeared towards the front door, "Remarkable case, Prendergast. We must keep our eye upon him. Premonitory signs of acute dementia; and what's more odd, the worst among them are not at all the ones he himself seems to think the most important!"

(To be continued)

A PLAGUE OF TIGERS AFFLICTS JAVA. Some portions of the island are almost depopulated by the ravages of these beasts, and in one village the inhabitants were recently obliged to emigrate from the mainland to a neighbouring island for safety. The Dutch Government now proposes to transplant several whole villages out of the affected districts, for the Javanese dare not carry on their usual agricultural pursuits. The tigers go scot-free for two reasons. First, the natives have no suitable weapons to kill their tormentors, having been deprived of their arms after a rebellion, and, secondly, they hold firmly that it is sinful to kill a tiger unless he attacks first, or otherwise does injury. Last year the State offered a reward of 20*l.* for each tiger slain. Here is a chance for British sportsmen longing for big game.

THE LIBRARY, CORPUS CHRISTI, CAMBRIDGE

IT is true, comparatively few visitors to Cambridge have ever entered Corpus Library, except such as come expressly to consult its treasures. If weather be propitious, our May term, above all its week, sees the town crowded, and lodgings at famine-prices.

It is the old story; "Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsi"—King's Chapel, the Great Gate of Trinity, Clare Gardens, are seen and known of all, and, let us hope, appreciated as they deserve to be. Others, bolder and more inquiring, turn from these too common joys, and penetrate to Jesus Close, Queen's Cloister Court, and the Fitzwilliam Museum.

Newnham and Girton are not all unknown to the tourist, and in his more hopeful moods he will, it is believed, find his way into Downing, to emerge a sadder if not a wiser man. Then do little knots of visitors gather round their leader's guide-book, glancing alternately at its pages and at the statue which libels Henry VIII., of reconciling the irreconcileable. Some listen in hopes, it may be, to the voice of the tout, "Show you all round the Colleges, lady," so authoritative (yet condescending withal, as becomes one having authority) towards his clients, so meek before the withering glance of the College porter.

But free although most of the sights at Cambridge are, and great the liberty she allows to those who visit her, she, too, has her sacred places whither not all may penetrate. Such, for the most part, are libraries. Perhaps this conservatism is an inheritance from medieval times, when books (then books indeed) too often proved irresistible temptation, and gave rise to much grave abuse and scandal. Modern times are not free from a like reproach; wherever schools are lax, there libraries suffer. So it may have been either prophetic insight into futurity, or consciousness of the peccadilloes of his contemporaries, which led Archbishop Parker to frame the stringent rules under which his library is held by Corpus Christi. His intimate connection with this college, of which he became Master in 1544, is suitably marked by this bequest of the greatest of all his treasures. Some little account of the restrictions he imposed on their use may be of interest; the regulations are strict enough to deter the followers of guide or guide-book, whilst for the student difficulties are readily and courteously smoothed away. Two persons must always be present before any volume can be consulted: one Master or Fellow of the College, the other Fellow or Scholar. Should longer use of the books be necessary, they may be removed to one of the Fellows' rooms, not more than three at a time, and after due registration; beyond the College buildings they must never go. A system of duplicate keys to the bookcases affords security that these instructions be observed. And Corpus has reason to observe them, thanks to the Archbishop's last and most ingenious device, worthy of a student of human nature, as he doubtless was. His will provides that if six folio or an equivalent number of smaller volumes be lost, the entire collection, together with the plate he also bequeathed, shall pass to Caius. Should they in turn lose as many more, it travels to Trinity Hall; a third like loss, and what remains returns to Corpus. For smaller losses than these, fines are imposed, no doubt heavier in the Archbishop's day than they seem now. Once a year the Masters of Caius and Trinity Hall, together with two Scholars of Corpus (of Parker's foundation), are invited to verify the list, the two former receiving 3s. 4d. and the two latter 1s. each; and subsequently they are entertained at dinner by the College. But no volume has yet disappeared since the first review was made nearly 250 years ago.

The Library was originally a room built over the old chapel. When this was pulled down in 1824, the books were temporarily placed in a private apartment, until the completion of the new Library in 1827, when they were transferred to their present quarters. Subsequently, a few of the most interesting were placed in glass cases down the centre of the room. The Library is a fine

is now filled by a ninth century lease. In one of the cases is Thomas à Becket's Missal; near it, a Latin Bible in beautiful but microscopic script; here, too, are the signatures of the Archbishops and Bishops to the XLII (now XXXIX) Articles, among them that of the Bishop "of Bathen and Welle"; here also is the curious old "Romance of the Holy Grail."

A few of Albrecht Dürer's delightful etchings (notably one of Erasmus), some Athenian vases and Etruscan hand-mirrors, the backs of which are quaintly engraved, and are among the earliest known specimens of line-engraving on copper, should not be quite passed over. Libraries nearly always contain some such treasures, haply for those whom parchment and binding may not charm. We wonder to find them at Corpus. Here no such additional attractions are needed by the book-lover, and few others will pass the barrier of Archbishop Parker's wise restrictions. N. D. F. P.



MESSRS. ASCHERBERG AND CO.—The popular burlesque opera *Faust Up To Date* (Meyer Lutz) has been published with a piano-forte accompaniment, and all the original songs, choruses, &c., together with incidental songs, written and composed by Messrs. R. Martin, E. Solomon, A. Chapman, S. Smith, and F. Burnand. This edition is gorgeously bound in scarlet and black.—The pretty ballad, "Could But the World Stand Still," words by Clement Scott, music by Margaret Brandon, which Miss St. John sings so charmingly, is published separately from the score. It is one of the greatest favourites in the opera.—The comic duet, "I Raise No Objection to That," written and composed by R. Martin and Meyer Lutz, has already made a good hit.—The *Faust Up To Date* Waltzes and Lancers are well-chosen melodies from this popular burlesque, arranged by their composer.—A very correct little song for the schoolroom is "Twin Rosebuds," written and composed by John Muir and E. M. St. John.—For the numerous readers and admirers of "Bootees' Baby," a march composed by Eille Norwood, and named after the fascinating infant, will prove of some interest. A song for the home circle is "Dreams of the Past," written and composed by G. C. Bingham and A. Romili.—A graceful "Nocturne," by L. Denza, has been paraphrased, with good effect, for the violin, with accompaniment for the piano by Guido Papini.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—Organists will rejoice to receive Book VIII. of "The Organ Works of J. S. Bach," edited by J. F. Bridge (Mus. Doc. Oxon.) and James Higgs (Mus. Bac. Oxon.). With two such clever editors the work cannot fail to be well done. This volume contains five of the noblest and most celebrated preludes and fugues of the great master. In the preface is given an interesting account of each piece.

MESSRS. DEANSGATE AND RIDGEFIELD have published, in a neat and convenient form, "Immanuel," a sacred cantata, by Wm. Spark (Mus. Doc.). Besides the vocal score and chorus parts, we have also before us a set of orchestral parts, eight in number. To small choral societies this inexpensive edition will prove a great boon, as there are no irksome restraints upon its performance anywhere. The music of this work is too well known and appreciated to require further notice.

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.—Erskine Allon has set "Valerius' Song" ("Pack Clouds Away"), words by Thomas Heywood (1575-1650), as a part-song, S.A.T.B., in a creditable manner.—Five drawing-room songs of average merit are, "Which Shall It Be, Love?" poetry by the Earl of Rosslyn, music by Mary Ford; and by the same composer, "Songs as Sweet as Summer Brings," the charming words by Victor Hugo, ably translated by Dean Carrington; "If Dreams Be Thine," written and composed by J. Hartley Perks; "How Have I Thought Of Thee," words by E. C. Embury, music by R. Ernest Bryson; And, prettiest of the group, "After So Long," written and composed by Edward Oxenford and Harry Dancey.

MESSRS. AGATE AND CO.—There is much healthy sentiment in "The Eyes We Love," words by F. E. Weatherly; music by Ferdinand Doyle.—A good moral lesson is conveyed in the words by Clifton Bingham of "Ever So Long Ago," for which Carl Willoughby has composed the pleasing music.—Two bright and taking songs for young and merry maidens are: "What Happened," written and composed by Dudley Bertram and Walter Spinney; and "Love is a Shameless Boy," words by F. Harlowe; music by C. J. C. Boddington.—The only fault to be found with a graceful "Danse Egyptienne," entitled "Zæna," composed for the piano-forte by Celian Kottaun, is the too frequent repetition of the leading theme.—"Les Mousquetaires" is a spirited polka-march by Theo. Bonheur.—Amateur violinists will find "Six Bagatelles," for violin and piano, by J. Beazley, very useful additions to their portfolios; they are easy and melodious.—A very excellent likeness of Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, from a photograph by Van der Weyde, attracts attention to "La Pompadour Valse," by Leonard Gautier, one of the latest and prettiest compositions.



S. MANNINGTON CAFFYN, in the course of "Miss Milne and I" (1 vol.: Remington and Co.), takes somewhat unnecessary pains to impress upon his readers that he is no novelist, and that if he were he would go to work differently. No doubt this may be intended to help out the autobiographical form of his novel, which is supposed to be written by a young man quite foolish enough to have written a round hundred of average novels. But to write down to the level of such a self-revealed simpleton as the first person singular in "Miss Milne and I" is carrying realism as far as the actor who blacked himself all over for the part of Othello. This young gentleman is a doctor, who appears to take an unaccountable delight in telling the world a rambling story of how he allowed himself to be persecuted and plundered by a crazy young woman of bad character. Not having the slightest feeling for her, he lets her extort money from him for fear of a palpably absurd charge of complicity in infanticide; altogether his silliness, helplessness, and want of moral courage are something remarkable even for a hero of autobiographical fiction. Miss Milne, it is true, seems to have exercised an influence over others also; but that may be presumed to have been of a more accountable kind. Mr. Caffyn will unquestionably do well, in his next attempt, to select a leading character to whom it will be requisite to write up instead of down.

"Graham Aspen, Painter," by George Halse (2 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is the story of a good many people, but especially of a remarkably lucky young man who, despite, or possibly because, of his exceptionally pronounced frigidity, wins a startling quantity of love and friendship; who is cured of a consumption by the simple and pleasant process of eating good things from Birch's; wins the exceedingly profitable gratitude of an amiable but muddle-headed old lady by saving her from being run over; obtains the no

less profitable interest of a philanthropic alderman; and accidentally discovers, in his medical attendant, a long-lost uncle who sets him up as the head of a Painting School at a first outlay of 20,000/. No doubt Graham Aspen deserves all his good luck, if only by reason of his faultlessness—a foible which, however, he shares with all his fellow *dramatis personæ* save two, whom poetical justice overtakes in due proportion to their demerits. It is altogether a weakness in the story, which is no respect too strong, that luck and merit are so invariably conjoined: another is the flavour of Dickens, in a state of extra-sentimental optimism, about the portraiture. Dickens is not to be followed with impunity. On the other hand, the story is thoroughly harmless, and has the merit of endeavouring, not always unsuccessfully, to be amusing, as well as to enlist sympathy on the right side of things.

Some readers may possibly recollect a novel called "100,000. versus Ghosts," in which Mrs. Robert Jocelyn described, in serious fashion, the inconsequent antics of a lot of ghosts, who seemed to have strayed out of a pantomime. To those who found pleasure in the former novel, the same writer's "A Distracting Guest" (2 vols.: F. V. White and Co.) may be confidently commended. It runs so much on the same lines that it might almost pass for a continuation. There is no nonsense about Mrs. Jocelyn's ghosts—they are the good old phantoms who mean nothing, who do nothing beyond scare people out of their very moderate amount of wits, and finally exorcise themselves for as little reason as they had for their appearance. In the present novel, they take possession of a seat which jumps up when anybody sits down. There is a slightly modern touch of mesmerism, and of the game called "willing;" but otherwise there is very little of the current attempts to bring bogies within the circle of theory. The grand feature of "A Distracting Guest" is that men, women, and bogies are alike motiveless and inconsequential, and that nobody can possibly anticipate what is going to happen in the next sentence. The result cannot be called interesting; but the story—if it can be called such—is brightly written, and is not long enough to convert the bogies into bores.

There are not many ways in which a story of ancient history ought to be written; and it cannot be said that the way adopted by Cameron Macdowall, in writing "A Queen among Queens: a Tale of the Desert" (1 vol.: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), is among them. It is the reverse of interesting to find Zenobia and her inevitable Longinus bound up with a pig-sticking adventure of Colonel W.—"of my old regiment," with extracts from the author's own poetical works, including an adaptation of "God Save the Queen," suggested by a parallel between Queen Zenobia and Queen Victoria; with notes on the Siege of Paris; and with testimonials to the author's evidently valuable services in the ambulance department. Then the characters talk in a sort of Bulweresque, which is no longer recognised as representing any style of talk which can possibly have ever existed. Altogether, this story of the last days of Palmyra is exceptionally amateurish and crude; but Mr. Macdowall evidently has his subject at heart and at his fingers' ends, and zeal and knowledge can never be regarded as wholly thrown away.

There are quite enough excellent stories for girls by English writers without the importation from the German of Emma Biller's "Ulli; the Story of a Neglected Girl" (1 vol.: Trübner and Co.). It is very foolish, mawkish stuff, conveying no particular lesson, improbable, and, were it otherwise, rendered without any sense of English style. In short, "Ulli" was not worth translating well; and, this said, all possible comment is exhausted.

MR. MCLEAN'S GALLERY

THE Spring Exhibition at No. 7, Haymarket, contains at least an average number of good and attractive works of small size, but the large pictures are less satisfactory. In Sir John Millais' recently finished "Ducklings," the head of the little flaxen-haired girl standing on the brink of a pond, with a piece of bread in her hands, is childlike in character, and painted with strength and mastery. The attitude of the figure, however, is not spontaneous, nor is there any distinct expression in the upturned face. Michael Munkacsy's "Love and Music" is notable for the refined beauty and grace of the lady playing the mandolin, but the other parts of the picture are monotonous in colour, and rather coarsely executed. On one side of this hangs a large Highland landscape, with slender birch trees in the foreground, by Mr. Mac Whirter, poor in tone, and rather flimsy in effect, and on the other a picture of "Ruth in the Fields of Boaz," by Mr. E. Long, like many of his recent works of the kind, marked by inanimate beauty and morbid suavity of colour. Mr. L. B. Hurt's very large "The Hills of Skye" is neither better nor worse than the pictures by him, strongly resembling it, that have recently appeared here. It is surprising to find that the spacious sea-coast view, "Antibes, with Nice in the Distance"—one of the best works of the kind in the room—is by M. Jules Breton, who is generally known only as a figure-painter. The smaller picture of two peasant girls sympathising with each other's griefs, "Heartache," is an excellent example of his early work. In Mr. John Pettie's imaginary picture of seventeenth-century life, "The Beginning of a Fray," a moving incident is most dramatically depicted. The two irate cavaliers are natural and impulsive in their gestures, and full of vitality. On the same wall hang two humorous and in every way admirable little pictures of canine life, "Curiosity" and "Retribution," by Mr. Briton Rivière; and a small *replica* with some variations, by Mr. J. B. Burgess, of his "Cigarette Factory, Seville." The remaining works include a very characteristic little half-length of an aged "Warrior," by Mr. Seymour Lucas; a finely modelled head of a Venetian beauty, by C. Van Haanen; and an admirable study of stormy sea, by Mr. H. Moore.

MESSRS. TOOTH'S GALLERY

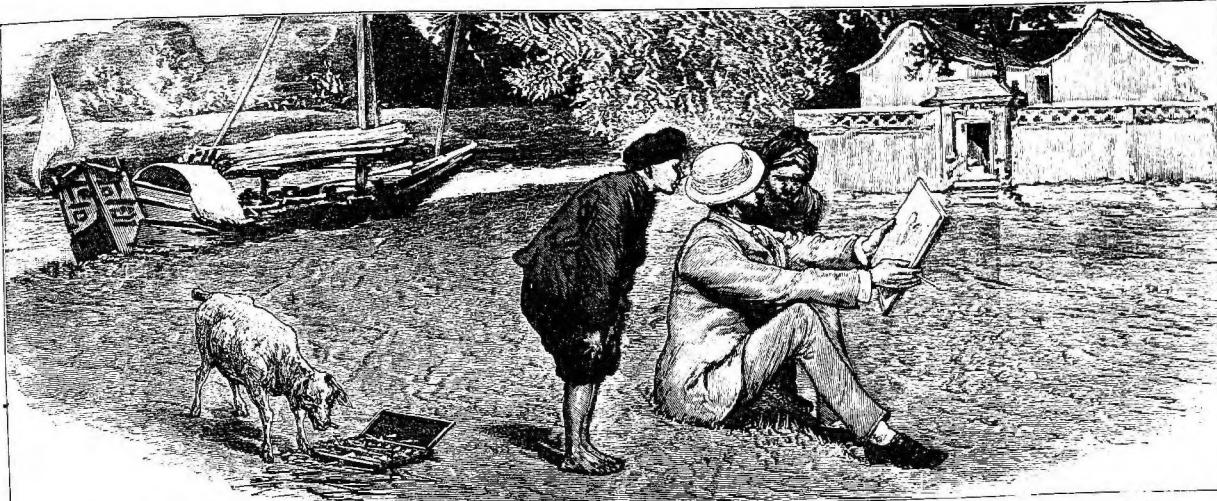
MOST of the English and foreign artists whose works we have lately met with in this gallery are fairly well represented in the present exhibition, and an especial attraction has been provided in a large picture by Fortuny, now shown for the first time. "Le Jardin du Poète," as it is called, is one of this very original artist's most fanciful productions. In a wild and luxuriant flower garden under a southern sky, an actor and actress are rehearsing a scene before a party of gentlemen in the *bizarre* costume of the beginning of the century. The figures are well grouped and full of animation. The very brilliant tints in the flowers of various kinds, and in the costumes, are admirably harmonised, and every part of the picture is painted with surprising dexterity, in a manner entirely unlike that of any other artist. Of three recently finished little pictures by Meissonier, "En Reconnaissance" is infinitely the best. The intense interest of the officer who is watching some manoeuvres through a field glass is forcibly expressed in the attitude of his figure and in his face. The horses are drawn and painted with rare skill and mastery. The best of the other French pictures are a life-sized half-length of a peasant girl, "Sylvan Simplicity," by Bouguereau—a good but not very interesting example of his learned style; an excellent study of two fishing girls "Digging for Bait," by Pierre Bille, and a "Pastoral Scene," one of Van Marcke's latest and best works. By Favretto—whose death, two years ago, deprived Italy of her finest colourist—there is a large "Venetian Market Place," diffuse in composition and rather loosely painted, but full of suffused



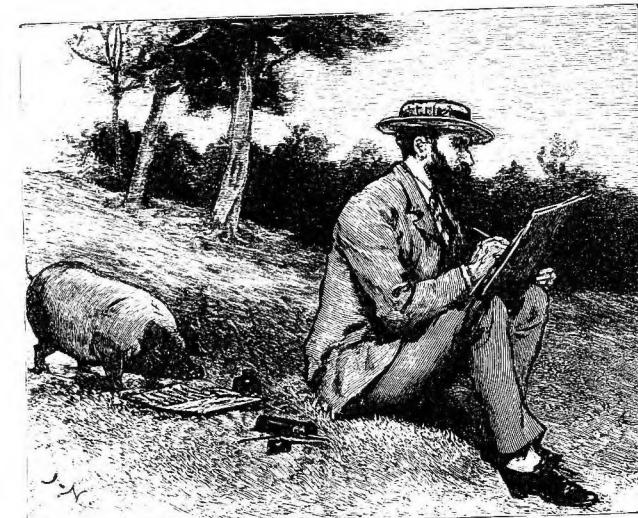
... with bookcases of carved oak, and a handsome ceiling; a screen at the west end separates Archbishop Parker's collection from the other books. Being made at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII., it contains, as might be expected, a large proportion of ecclesiastical papers. One volume of bound letters, chiefly concerning, or addressed to, Martin Bucer, King's Professor of Divinity, and written by, among others, Erasmus, Cranmer, Luther, Cheke, and Carile, is remarkable for an autograph letter of Edward VI. The monarch has "tried his pen" at the end, but his signature is incomplete. Latin is the common language in these documents, and the writing, though often fine as copy or plate, is yet peculiarly difficult to read, more so than many bad modern hands. There are beautiful illuminated copies of the Old and New Testaments—some made by Irish monks in Switzerland, curious for their quaint emblems of the four Evangelists. There are Missals, with colours and gilding still unfaded and unmarred, an Anglo-Saxon version of the Bible, and the famous Anglo-Saxon "Chronicle," which tradition ascribes to King Alfred the Great, and which scholars come from Russia to see and read. A Latin copy of the Vulgate dates back to the sixth century, and is said to be one of fifty which St. Augustine brought to England and caused to be distributed; the top of a page, originally blank,



OUR HOST IS AN ENERGETIC FELLOW, AND GOES IN FOR MANY THINGS—BOAT-SAILING, CRICKET, ARCHITECTURE, AND A LITTLE ART. HE URGES US TO COMBINE FOR A DAY'S SKETCHING. THE VISITORS ARRIVE AT THE YACHT IN NATIVE BOATS, AND AN INTRODUCTION IS EFFECTED WITHOUT ACCIDENT.



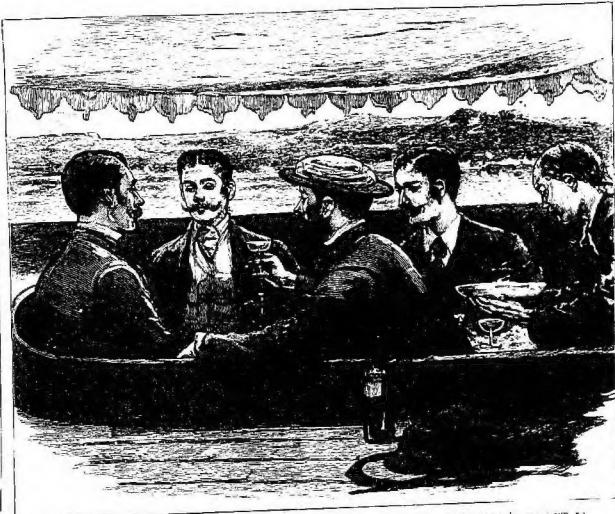
WE SAIL TO A BEAUTIFUL SPOT, AND THE MOST ENERGETIC SKETCHER MAKES A FAIR COMMENCEMENT, AND DELIGHTS THE INQUISITIVE COREANS. DURING A PAUSE FOR CRITICAL CONTEMPLATION A COREAN SHEEP TAKES A FANCY TO SOME OF HIS PAINTS, AND CHEWS THE TUBES WITH AVIDITY.



COMMENCING ANOTHER SKETCH FROM ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW, AN OMNIVOROUS PIG SWallows THE FEW COLOURS LEFT BY THE SHEEP, AND ANY FURTHER WORK BECOMES IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE DAY.



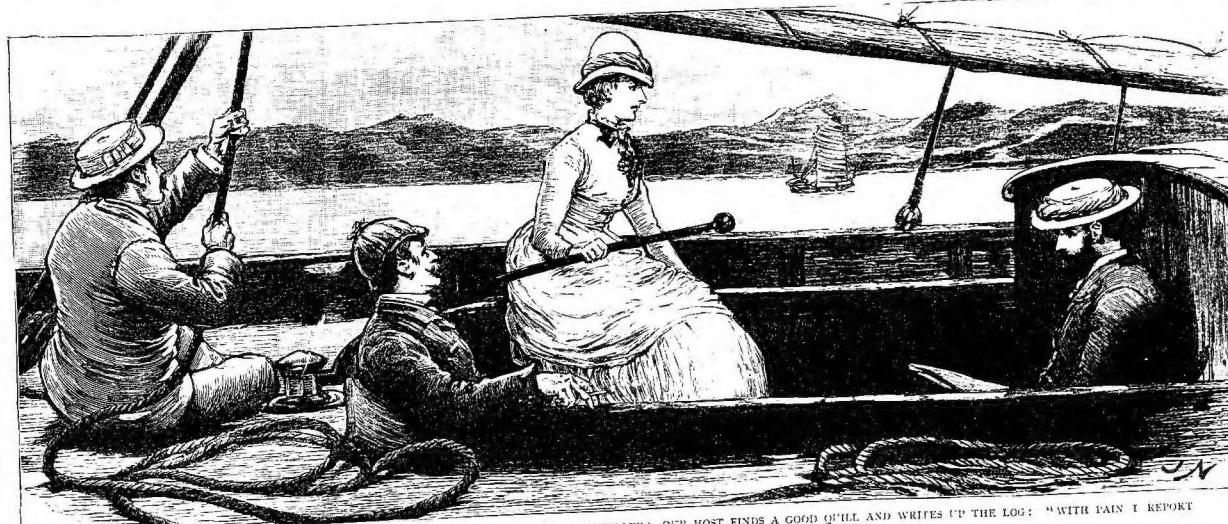
THE OTHERS HAVE BEEN DISGRACEFULLY IDLE, AND ONE BY ONE THEY ABANDON THEIR OWN WORK TO CRITICISE THAT OF OUR ONLY LADY, WHO IS NOT PLEASED TO FIND HERSELF THE FOCUS OF ADMIRATION.



TIFFIN IN THE YACHT PLACES ART COMPLETELY IN ABEYANCE. OUR HOST'S CLARET IS ADMIRABLE, AND "THESE SKETCHING EXCURSIONS" ARE PRONOUNCED ON ALL HANDS TO BE EXCELLENT INSTITUTIONS.



SOME OF US LAND AGAIN, AND OFFER SAD INSTANCES OF THE DEMORALISATION OF ART BY TIFFIN.



DAY DRAWS TO A CLOSE AND WE SAIL HOMEBWARDS. OUR ONLY LADY TAKES THE TILLER; OUR HOST FINDS A GOOD QUILL AND WRITES UP THE LOG: "WITH PAIN I REPORT THAT MY CLASS, WITH ONE BRIGHT EXCEPTION, HAS BEEN CULPABLY IDLE."

THE CULTIVATION OF ART IN THE FAR EAST

SOME NOTES OF A DAY'S EXCURSION IN THE COREA BY MEMBERS OF AN AMATEUR SKETCHING CLUB

warm light and atmosphere. It would be difficult to say anything of the landscapes by Mr. Peter Graham, Mr. Vicat Cole, Mr. Leader, and Mr. Keeley Halswelle that has not often been said of similar works by them. There is a good deal of freshness and originality in two busy harbour scenes, "Berwick-on-Tweed" and "Aberdeen," by Mr. David Farquharson. They have breadth and simplicity of effect, and are suggestive of space, air, and movement.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

AN effective dramatic poem is Mr. Nathaniel Hurd's "Kæsø : A Tragedy of the First Century" (Elliot Stock). The plot is laid in the time of Domitian, in whose Court Kæsø is a young and favoured noble. Kæsø, in love with Salvia, the daughter of Salvius, a rich Roman, finds his suit fail, owing to the father's distrust of his moral principle. Hence he joins with Spuria, his mistress, in having Salvius falsely arrested on a charge of infidelity to the Gods. In prison Salvius becomes Christian. Kæsø's scheme of coming to the old Roman's rescue when in extremity fails through, and we have all the material for a tragedy in the unworthy destruction of Salvius and Salvia. Of the blank verse an estimate may be formed from the following, in which Marcus, the Christian slave, tells Salvius how in present vision he sees his dead wife and child :—

I seem to see them walking down a mead
Green and begemmed with dancing asphodel ;
Their hands are clasped ; they smile me to approach them :
They speak ; I hear no words, but all around
Float murmurings of mysterious minstrelsy
Of hymns and harp-notes wafted by soft winds.

As to the late Mr. Ella Baker's "Kingscote Essays and Poems" (Kegan Paul), the Essays are characterised by homely common-sense, the one on "Proverbs" is especially good, while the "Poems," if short and simple in structure, are occasionally pretty and suggestive. The story of how the Baker (Sissinghurst) family won their motto "Carpe Diem," and crest, a swan's head, is told with much force and spirit. Mr. Baker, too, is vigorous when he relates how one of our great seamen answered a Dutch Admiral's boasting in "Myne van Tromp" :—

Blake heard his boasting with wrath and scorn,
And shook out his sails in anger ;
And the two fleets met on a summer morn.
"It's no use," said Blake,
"Your broom to shake,
So you'd better sail out of danger ;
For the English shall rule on the open sea,
And you Dutchmen may keep to your Zuyder Zee,
Your rolling Zuyder Zee."

We have received from Messrs. Houlston and Sons "Zummerzet Rhymes," poems by "Jan" ("O. P. Q. Philander Sniff") and "Tommy Nutty." The book, which has now reached a second edition, also contains a selection from "Poems in the Dialect of the West of England," by the late James Jennings. They are more likely to be interesting to Somersetshire folk than others, though perhaps some people living elsewhere may be pleased to have some example of the way in which many persons in the Western County talk to-day, and in which nearly all of them talked a century or two ago. As a specimen of the dialect, we take from "Jan's Visit to Bridgwater Fair" these lines :—

Then o' coose that war zum o' the yeminine gender,
In the wavin, or else 'twud been slaw,
An as we rode on, we talked soft and tender,
Vor we war thar volliers, you know.



SO exhaustive is Mrs. Stranahan's "History of French Painting" (Sampson Low), that we might think few English readers would care for its very ample details. And yet the book is so charmingly written that not connoisseurs only, but the general public, are sure to read it right on if they once begin. With her sympathetic narrative, her racy anecdotes, her well-chosen criticisms of individual pictures, she manages to interest us, not only in the brilliant leaders, but in the rank and file of the great army of French Art. Beginning with the glass-painting and illumination of the twelfth century, Mrs. Stranahan comes down from René of Anjou, the French Fra Angelico, and Clouet, the French Holbein, to living celebrities, of whom she truly says :—"They command in French Art a great interest, and a present one." Among the old favourites, such as Decamps' "Defeat of the Cimbri" and Couture's "Décadence des Romains," each, in its own way, depicting the ruin of a nation, we are glad she describes many known only to a few, yet about which every one who cares for French Painting ought to know something. Of course there is plenty (not too much) about Doré, his practical jokes, his contenting himself for a year with three hours' sleep per night, his earning ten thousand francs in a morning, and his destroying the dozen pictures of "Paris As It Is," of which Théophile Gautier said :—"They are too great, too real, to be left in oblivion, but too loathsome to be exhibited." Corot (with his never failing "mist") so long unappreciated, the taste for rural nature not being awakened when he began, that at forty years of age he could say : "The mist has risen ; I have sold a picture ; and I regret it, as it makes a break in the complete collection of my works." Rousseau, who would not go to Italy (as Doré refused to visit Egypt), for fear of destroying his individuality. Henner, who each year sent to the Salon a Nymph, each with a new grace, and for whom father and brothers worked that "le petit" might be trained as an artist. The "Impressionists,"—Pissaro, who is always painting "symphonies in blue," Claude Monet, who sees violet in everything, and the rest—Mrs. Stranahan says the right word about them all. Two things must strike every one who takes up her book—the large place that Art fills in French life (second only, she says, to that occupied by the restaurant), and the practical way in which French pictures are appreciated in the United States.

The chapters on "French Manners in the Sixteenth Century," and on "Science, Art, and Literature," are the most valuable part of Mlle. Coignet's "Francis the First and His Times" (Bentley). Despite what he did for Art Francis is no favourite of ours. Royalty is always a sore temptation to selfishness, but the selfishness of Francis exceeded that of his mother ; it was phenomenal. The cold egotism with which he met the self-absorbing love of his sister Marguerite is sickening. Mlle. Coignet adds no new facts to the old story ; but a book about such a period can scarcely fail to be interesting, and Miss Twemlow's translation makes it very pleasant reading.

Very pleasant reading, too, is Dr. Jessopp's "Coming of the Friars, and Other Essays" (Fisher Unwin). Most of us have read them before in the *Nineteenth Century*. But it is delightful to have them thus collected, for few writers have Dr. Jessopp's gift of painting to the life. His "Village Life Six Hundred Years Ago" is as graphic and as truthful as one of Richard Jefferies's sketches of to-

day. His papers on "The Black Death" and on "The Building of a University" are full of teaching ; and no one has ever discussed with more intelligent appreciation that mediæval Salvation Army of which Franciscans and Dominicans were the two main corps.

Colonel Wood-Martin's excellent book on "Irish Lake Dwellings" made us expect a treat in his "Rude Stone Monuments of Ireland" (Hodges and Figgis, Dublin ; Williams and Norgate, London). And indeed the book will quite answer the expectations of the most exacting reader. It does not attempt too much,—is of the most limited to the megaliths of Co. Sligo and Achill ; it is severely limited to the megaliths of Co. Sligo and Achill ; it is severely limited to the legends which in matter-of-fact, and yet takes due account of legends which in Ireland are still attached to the stone monuments, and are in many cases really historic ; in short, it shows what good work the Royal (late Kilkenny) Historical and Archaeological Association, which has issued it as one of its annual volumes, is doing. Archaeology everywhere has been very slow in getting out of the imaginative phase. Its doing so greatly depends on the individuals. In England sometimes the archaeologists of one county are abreast of, even ahead, of the times, while those of the next have not got much beyond Captain Grose and Mrs. Bray. Dr. Petrie gave Irish archaeology a dead lift ; but even in his work much was lacking. Colonel Martin deplores again and again that in the Sligo monuments explored by Petrie and R. C. Walker the "finds" were labelled generally as belonging to such and such a district, no note being taken of the particular cairn in which each was discovered. Colonel Martin agrees on the whole with Mr. Ferguson as to the migration of "the Cromleac-building race," using the word "cromleac" for what (in Cornwall called "quoits") it has lately been the fashion to speak of as "dolmens." The vast multitude of these and kindred megaliths in districts like Carrowmore is puzzling. It would seem as if the life of this early race was spent in fighting great battles, and then commemorating the slain. Equally puzzling is the extreme paucity of "finds," though a gold collar is found now and then, and certainly some, and probably nearly all, of the monuments have been previously ransacked.

Though Algiers is full of "cromleacs" and stone circles, there is no resemblance at all between them and the architecture which the Cartaginians brought with them. Of this latter Canon Rawlinson, in "Phoenicia" (Fisher Unwin), one of the "Story of the Nations" Series, gives several examples—the wall at Arad, the pillar-tombs at Amrit on the opposite mainland, and some sepulchral chambers at Amathus. It is on Cyprus that the Phoenicians have most strongly stamped their individuality, both in Art and architecture. Some of us remember M. di Cesnola's exploration of the Temple of Paphos ; in Phoenicia proper the temples seem to have been (like Solomon's) almost wholly of timber. In reviewing MM. Perrot and Chipiez, we noted (what Canon Rawlinson points out) the eclectic character of Phoenician Art ; some of the best examples are a cross between Egyptian and Assyrian. Canon Rawlinson, who fixes (with Renan) the earliest home of the Phoenicians on the Lower Euphrates, gives a very able sketch of their history, mythology, &c. He closes one of the most valuable and interesting volumes of the series with several extracts from Philo-Byblus, the historian.

Mr. Leighton Jordan's opportunity has been the establishment by the Royal Commission of "The Standard of Value" (Longmans), "independent of the relative merits of the gold, the silver, or the double standard." The interest attaching to the subject accounts for the appearance of a sixth edition since our quite recent notice of the work. It is not so much Anglo-Indians who suffer ; so long as they don't send money home, their incomes are untouched. It is we who are paying in gold (therefore much too dearly) a national debt incurred when silver also was a standard. The gainers are "the gold party," the big financiers, as opposed to the tax-paying public.

Dr. C. Gilson on "The Characteristics of Genius" (Walter Scott) will be read with special interest by those who reflect that to examine these is rather the business of a doctor than of a man of letters. Dr. Gilson, however, strongly protests against thinking that genius and insanity (where they are found together) are in the relation of cause and effect. Genius, he remarks, "has not been found in the feeble-minded, nor in lowly-organised races or communities of men ; and thus its history is rather part of the history of civilisation than of humanity." There is much to be learned from this suggestive little essay.

Names like Alsacia, Lombard Street, &c., show that not now for the first time has London been peacefully invaded by foreigners. The German invasion has, however, grown to such a size that no wonder a "Handbuch der Deutschen in England" (Henninger, Heilbronn) has been published for their special use. Herr Stangardt, German-like, begins from the beginning, sketching the history of the "Merchants of the Staple," and their Steelyard. Many Englishmen will be glad to learn that Tottenham Lager beer approves itself to the German taste. "Aspley House" savours rather of Gallic *insouciance* ; but it is the only clerical error we have noted. A proof of exactness is the remark (page 51) that State bank-notes are not issued in England ; "the issuing is left to certain privileged banks, among them to the Bank of England."

While we are full of goodwill towards "the mild Hindoo" we must not forget that India contains another important element. Of this "A Quarter-Century of the Mahomedan Literary Society of Calcutta" (Bose, Calcutta) pleasingly reminds us. It is their relative want of culture which has hitherto handicapped the Mahomedans in the race with their Hindoo fellow-countrymen. One is glad to see that the Princes of Mysore, Oudh, and other Houses take an active interest in the Society.

In "Every Morning" (Burnet) Dr. Parker reminds us that "religious life is not to be honestly and usefully cultivated by fits and starts." If the aim of religion is to lift us out of ourselves, that aim ought to be attained in these impressive "first thoughts for first hours." The author seems to us to escape, and, therefore, to save his readers from, the "moral self-vivisection," the danger of which he warns us against at the outset.

Miss Frances Younghusband dedicates her "Story of Genesis" (Longmans) to the memory of Dean Stanley. She feels, as the Jews of old felt, that Genesis is not a book for children's reading. When she says it gives the stories and traditions of the Jews about the beginning of the world she is speaking after the Dean's own heart. But would he have said, or does the Bible say that, "when other nations were thinking of pleasure or conquest, or luxury or art, the Jews were thinking chiefly of their duty to God, and were seeking to serve him in the way of righteousness"? The book is well-suited to its purpose.

We are glad that the Rev. H. Sturt closes his "Prophetic Notes" (Elliot Stock) with a chapter on "Our Times." Dewsbury, not more than, but certainly as much as, any other place, needs to be reminded that "Buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market" must not be allowed to supplant the Divine command ; and that, as Dr. Martineau says, "Scepticism is born on the bed of luxury." Mr. Sturt sets Daniel at the beginning of his volume. Like Dr. Anderson, the barrister, in his "Coming Prince," and Professor Eadie on "Thessalonians," and Dr. Godet, and many more, he looks for "a fearful manifestation of Anti-Christ in Atheism, Anarchy, and license." He thinks the Euphrates Valley will become the great highway to the East, and Babylon will rise to be such a centre of trade and luxury that Rev. xvii. and xviii. will be literally applicable to that resuscitated city.

Few people are aware what wealth of general information, and of historical and commercial interest, is contained in many official publications, which are too frequently regarded as mere technical directories and dry records of official facts. That this is far from

the case is manifest in the new issue of "The India Office List" (Harrison and Sons), in the compilation of which from official records, by direction of the Secretary of State for India, infinite trouble and pains have been taken to make the work no longer a mere office book of reference, but a work of great general interest, of real public utility, and of especial value to the student of Indian history. In addition to a general survey of the history and the physical features of India as a whole, there are special articles on the various Presidencies, giving a brief but comprehensive account of their respective points of interest, their history, population, agricultural and other products, local industries, and tenure of land. At the present time, the article on Upper Burma, and the summary of events which led to King Thebaw's deposition and our annexation of the Province, are especially worth reading. There are numerous maps in the volume, a biographical record of Indian officials, and plenty of figures for the statistically-minded reader. The example of the India Office in putting such a work as this before the public might be followed by other Departments with much advantage.

SUNDRIES.—The "Civil Service Directory" (W. H. Allen and Co.) is a record of the public offices connected with the Civil Service, and contains the names of the officers of the several departments, with particulars of their services. It may be of some use to Civil Servants ; but for the outside public we cannot see that it is of much value, as the majority of the information it contains can be found in the Post Office Directory. Nearly 150 pages of fresh matter have been introduced into the twenty-sixth edition of "Every Man's Own Lawyer" (Crosby, Lockwood, and Co.), which is well known as a work of great practical utility. Special attention is given in the new edition to the Local Government Act, 1888, and the County Electors' Act, 1888 ; and the section on the subject of Copyright has been entirely re-written. We have received from Messrs. Cassell and Co., Part I. of an entirely new work, entitled the "Book of the Household," which is intended to be of practical assistance to those having the cares of household management. Judging by the first number, which deals with "Where to Live," "House Furnishing," "The Choice of Clothing," "Health in the Household," and "The Master of the House," the book, when completed, will prove a valuable aid to the housewife. Another new work, issued by the same publishers (a marvellous compendium of useful statistics and information connected with the Great Metropolis) is "The Metropolitan Year Book for 1889." The area with which the book deals, is that embraced under the Government of the London County Council, and amongst other things to be found therein are—lists of the members of the House of Commons, Government and other public officers, Law Courts, Prisons, London City Companies, Newspapers, Metropolitan Vestries, Schools, Institutes, Clubs, &c., and particulars relating to the London County Council, City and Metropolitan Police, Thames Conservancy, and the Army and Navy Auxiliary Forces. We have not sufficient space to mention the very great variety of subjects dealt with in the book, but the foregoing will give some idea of the immense value and completeness of the work as a Metropolitan handbook.

Finally, we have to acknowledge part two of "Celebrities of the Century," which we notice includes, amongst others, the names of Alfred Austin, A. J. Balfour, S. Baring-Gould, Thomas Barnes, the Earl of Beaconsfield, and Sarah Bernhardt. We can heartily commend "Home Nursing," by E. Margery Homersham (The National Society of Health, 44, Berners Street, W.), and "The Nurse's Companion," by Mary Davies (Virtue and Co.), two handbooks on the nursing of sick persons. In cases of serious illness, the importance of careful nursing cannot be too strongly urged, and those who lack experience in this essential proceeding will find many useful hints in both these little volumes. Considering the very pretty designs that can be made with comparatively little labour and expense by means of fret-sawing, it is surprising that the art is so little practised. Those who take an interest in this subject will welcome Mr. David Anderson's little handbook "The Art of Fret-Sawing and Marquetry-Cutting" (Ward, Lock, and Co.), which is full of sound, practical advice to both professional and amateur wood-workers. Mr. Anderson gives an interesting *résumé* of the antiquity and modern practice of the art, and some useful hints on the multiplication of designs, how to cut and make up inlaid work, and polishing and finishing. He also endeavours to show how the art can be made both a source of profit and pleasure.

The History of a Slave

(Continued from page 396)

to the dust, protested humbly that I must be a madman, possessed, that there was no holding me, that I passed through them like one of the Jann (spirits). And then the Sultan demanded of me to tell him my tale ; and I related to him so much of my history as might bear on the case, laying great stress on the fact that I was a Muslim, and had been a big Chief in my own country, and that to be struck by another man put madness in my heart. And the Sultan said to me,

"Knowest thou how to fight, how to aim with a gun, how to ride a horse in battle?"

And I replied that I had been a great warrior in my own land, and had slain many people.

Then he asked me if I were willing to become one of his soldiers ; and I said,

"Ay, Wallah, if thou grant me protection."

Then he handed me over to the Sarki-n-yaki (the Captain of the Guard), that he should drill me as a soldier.

Once more my heart felt proud at the change in my fortunes, and the other soldiers amongst whom I now lived treated me with a certain amount of respect, as being a slave who had killed his master and yet had got off scathless. It took me some time to learn to ride a horse in the same fearless fashion as the other troopers rode ; but I had lost my fear of that animal, and the horses of Hausa-land are smaller and more docile than those of the Arabs in Tarabulus. We were armed with a straight sword, which was hung on our left side, and in the right hand we carried a long, heavy spear. The officers of the troop wore daggers, fastened in a belt round their left arm. And a few of us had muskets, which we carried in place of the spear, and those who had muskets—I was one—daily practised firing at a target. We wore red fezzes on our heads, and we dressed in large blue shirts round the breast and down to the hips ; these were bound close to the body by means of a red shawl, which we wound tightly about us. Some of the officers had their black shawls tied over the lower part of their faces, after the fashion of the Tawarek. We wore no sandals on our feet, because they interfered with our grasp of the stirrups. This cavalry, which was in the service of the Sultan of Kano, was quartered in barracks at the back of the palace, and these barracks enclosed a square, or "maidan," where we could drill or exercise with our horses.

About what happened further, when I went to war for the Sultan of Kano, I will tell you when I see you to-morrow. Inshallah, ma tashuf ash-shurr !

(To be continued)

